

April 99
Issue 124

ALWAYS
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STUCCO magazine

Man or Astro-Man?

SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS



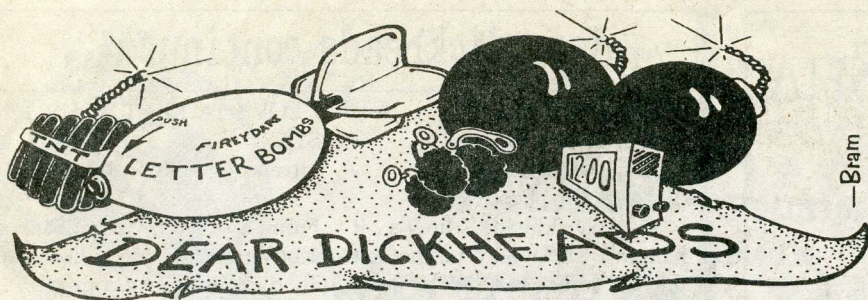
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From: Paul.AshtonSwenson,
pleasure_killer@hotmail.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Most of the time I just go to the local coffee shop to get your peace of shit stupid best goddam magazine in utah but I didn't have time to this week so here i am on the web. In reply to the article from - Ray M. I worked at the Tunex on 2100s for about a year and yes it was a "big no no" to take your car their! The techs their are payed guaranty + commission.

That means they make more money if they can do quick and more expensive work on your car than to do their job right. That is the commission part. The guaranty part is that your mechanic will get fired if he does not meet his quota for the month. Their are some techs (like my self) that are not willing to rip people off the problem is that when business is not going well the tech that is ripping people off can meet his guarantee and the honest guy gets fired They will also hire shop managers that know not a dame thing about cars so the manager doesn't even know that he is helping with fucking you over. the company is well aware of all of this and is ran by (with the exception of Kenny Lome) the biggest fucking scam artists, that are not willing to take credit themselves for robing you of your hard earned cash but just say that it is just a couple dishonest auto techs(that they "Tunex" helped to create).

—Paul Ashton Swenson

ED: Thanks. For a minute there, I thought Ray M. was just a paranoid psychotic who doesn't like vegans.

From: YERSLEEVE@aol.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Hi you guys,

First off, Congratulations on exposing the W.A.R. awards for the mega joke that they were. You validated all of my own opinions. I've watched WAR go from an attempt to really assist local musicians find their way in this vast muse- biz wasteland to sort of an extremely disgusting social climbing ladder for certain people, and in my mind that's art prostitution and I have a few problems with that. It makes us all look stupid, small minded & small town.

God, how desperate can some people be?

Now at the risk of exposing myself and band here's part two.

Someone please tell Randy Harward thanks for us for giving us such a positive and panoramic review of our CD on page 12. It's extremely appreciated because he was able to express his views without comparing us to anyone else and that's very , very cool. We really do appreciate those sort of things and always say our thank you's!

Last but not least, where's the serial killer of the month?????.... Pillar Soffel was the inspiration for one of our tunes. Just thought you'd like to know. Seriously, you guys do a great job of trying to keep it all honest, blatant as can be, but honest just the same. Thanks!

—G.K.

ED: Our Serial Killer writer took the month off to do field research and we haven't heard from him...

Mr. pink.

It's a bout time I read a movie review that makes sense. Good for you. Although I would have to say my favorite was Mr. Blue.

—Justun

Pink: It's a bout time I got a letter that makes sense. Thanks, although I would have to say Mr. Blue was a pussy.

From:Sergio Gonzalez,
vyndel@hotmail.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

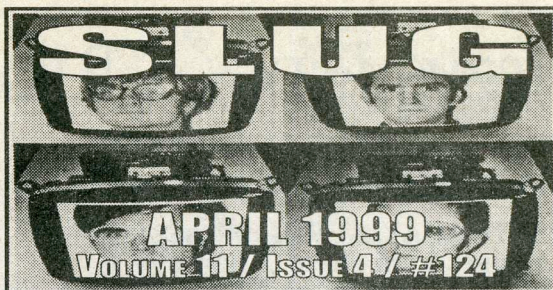
Hey Dickheads!

So, here I am flipping through issue #123, and low and behold, no Serial Killer of the Month... Though I have the feeling that you neglected it for Hate Spawns Hate, I just have to know for sure. Did you do a temp switch off, or were ya just too fucking lazy to go out and research it this month. There's a lot of us sick fucks out there that think that the Serial Killer of the Month is the only reason to pick up the magazine... even though it is free.

—Mr.Postal

ED: Our Serial Killer writer took the month off to do field research and we haven't heard from him...

dicks continued on page 4



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JEZVS RIDES A RIK-SHA

FRIDAY, APRIL 19th at The Bear Cave

SATURDAY, APRIL 10th at
Hanger 18 in Orem (6 bands)
a private club

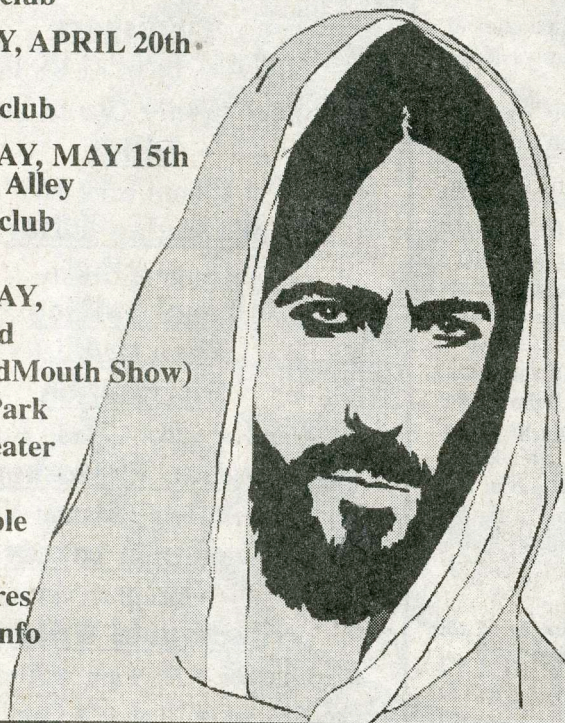
TUESDAY, APRIL 20th
Area 51

a private club

SATURDAY, MAY 15th
The Back Alley
a private club

SATURDAY,
MAY 22nd
(The LoudMouth Show)
Murray Park
Amphitheater

cd available
at local
music stores
Rik-Sha Info
521-0620



dear dickheads continued...

From: Birrell, Courtney,
BirrellCou@pbnet.com
To: 'dicks@slugmag.com',
dicks@slugmag.com

Hey Dickheads, how's it hangin'?(short and to the left maybe) I just wanted to comment about your serial killer o the month column love it! Clark Kent the other dickhead you have writing the column, really knows his stuff. He has applied a great deal of research to this column,(I know I check it out)..I only wonder why is it not more graphic(in detail),you can obviously get away with a great deal, why does Clark not provide in greater detail gruesome facts to these killings? I love SLUG, the mag the people and the whole idea of telling those who don't like it to go fuck themselves, It's a great attitude to have!

Thanks for taken the time out of your coffee break to read this much appreciated...

By the way Clark Kent (I can call him a dick head because I know him personally, he's my brother!....)

Thanks, Courtney

I LOVE YA KENT YOUR THE STAR!

birrellcou@salt.pbnet.com

From: The Scott/Wright Family,
scottwright@deseretonline.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Dear Punks,

First of all, your mag kicks ass. Second, I want make a list of stuff that must die in Salt Lake. Sorry to all you kids who are desperate to see some tits, but dragging State sucks majorly. Also (they probably don't read this magazine, but spread the word to them) all old people who drive ten miles under the speed limit in two lanes at once should disappear mysteriously. (wink, wink) there's probably more, but I'm too lazy to think them up now.

—Lich

P.S. It may just sound like I'm bitching, but hopefully we can rid SLC of this useless and annoying stuff.

SOUNDS
LIKE
BULL
SHIT
To
Me...
a
letter
from the
editor

"The Utah Mentality"

• "That Used To Be Cool"

If something unique & cool exists in Utah, one of two things will happen.

- A) It will be ignored until it dies or
B) It will be over run by yuppy geeks and it will lose it's cool.

• "Ignore it and it will go away"

People in Utah aren't good at facing a situation head on. They would much rather pretend it didn't happen and it will magically disappear. Unless it's the Olympics.

• "Big Talk Now / Small Balls Later"

The so called pro-active group of do gooders always gets upset when some injustice goes down. Then they talk big and swear that things will change. Then a little later on after they've had some ice cream and settled down, all the big talk goes bye bye.

Now, I don't want to be an activist, but I've been known to start a riot or two. The main problem as I've said before is apathy. The other problem is a lack of good ideas. Putting on a punk show. Having a drum circle in Liberty Park. Forming some stupid "coalition". These are typically stupid and not very worth while. This leads to the kind of attitude that I am displaying right now. Bitch Bitch Bitch, don't you get sick of hearing yourself bitch?

It also leads to the standard Utah response of "If you hate it here why don't you move"? Well, I don't hate it, I just hate you! And I have spent more than two thirds of my life living in other places, that's why I complain. Blind from birth is one thing, but losing your sight after seeing all the cool stuff is entirely different. There are great things about Utah that you won't find anywhere in this country. It's the stuff that's missing that makes it hard to deal with. Major League Baseball, a really good wine selection and a city farther away from the Denver Broncos just to name a few.

So until things get better they will stay the same. And just like you I will hang out with the small group of people I consider to be "Cool Beyond Zion" and we will talk about the cool things we've done in other cities and the few cool things we've done here.

—The "Losers" at Planet SLUG



Mr. Pink's Video Review

Sorry about the vacation, but a man's gotta get out sometime. Besides all I did was watch movies, so here you go.

I won't spend alot of time talking about the movie, I'll just tell you if it sucked or not. You know, I'll mail it in just like I always do.

CLAY PIGEONS

Best movie of the year so far. Janeane Garofalo, Vince Vaughn & Joaquin Phoenix tramp around Hyrum, Utah and people are getting split open. YES!!!

ROUNDERS

This is a movie about guys who don't really gamble pretending to be guys who really gamble. So if you want to know what it isn't like, this movie is for you. If you want to know what it is like, go rent The Hustler with Paul Newman.

PECKER

Whatever. More proof that I could right a great screen play if I would just get off my ass...

URBAN LEGEND

Horror remakes horror remakes scream remakes I know who you did last summer blah blah blah...

PERMANENT MIDNIGHT

This is the real deal. But don't expect to go home happy. This is true stuff about drug addict artists and writers and that's the way they are. Stiller is great in this show.

RONIN

Robert DeNiro cannot make a bad movie. He tries really hard in this one

but he's so fucking cool he carries the whole show. What else is new?

PRACTICAL MAGIC

Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick

movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie, Chick movie.

Snake Eyes

Nicholas Cage and Captain what's his name from Forrest Gump in a boxing undercover espionage secret thriller that holds as much water as my 84 year old Uncle hooked up to a piss tube...

What Dreams May Come

In the first 13 minutes of this movie all the main characters die. Robin Williams, Annabella Sciarra and Cuba Gooding. Somehow that doesn't give away the plot or story. This movie was really cool. Not just for the awesome special effects or the cinematography, but the whole story line and neat ideas for heaven and hell were very cool.

The Waterboy

The big studio guys have been trying to suck another Happy Gilmore out of Adam Sandler for a few years now, and they can't do it, so they just keep trying. Even though they fail dismally every time. You have to admire their tenacity.

LIVING OUT LOUD

I only saw the part where Queen Latifah was talking about giving blow jobs, but that one part was Oscar material!!!

STRANGELAND

Dee "Twisted Picture" Snider in his film debut as writer and villain. Not a great story, but impressive nonetheless.

PLEASANTVILLE

One of the better movies this year, and one of the best ideas for a story. It wraps comparison after comparison to different events and beliefs in our culture. These beliefs are then easily exposed so that the average Joe can figure it out.

—Mr. Pink

**Next month we will start
Mr. Pink's Brewvy
Movie Trivia
again, so get ready to win
FREE PASSES to Brewvies.**

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Trying to label the music of MAGSTATIC isn't easy. It's more than pop, it's more than emo and it's more than punk. It's melodic and fun but at the same time it's rockin' and challenging. It has the finesse and smoothness to go down easy but anything more than a casual listen makes it obvious that the music is asking for both an emotional and intellectual investment from its audience. For many people that is simply too much to ask and as a result MAGSTATIC remain under appreciated and their merits largely unsung. Even the fact that their recording debut was on the (in)famous Sub Pop label couldn't garner the band the attention this not so humble writer feels they deserve.

MAGSTATIC are fronted by the enigmatic Terrence D.H. who, outside of Brad Collins, is as close to a punk icon as Salt Lake City has ever produced. His presence has been the defining factor in such noteworthy SLC acts as THE STENCH, BAD YODELERS, DAISY GREY and SEASON OF THE SPRING. Joe Patterson and Pete Lindgren constitute the rhythm section of the band are their snappy chemistry is responsible for much of the band's accessible sound and pop sensibilities. Spencer Jacobs joins D.H. for guitar duties and adds his impressive pedigree of REALITY and MAYBERRY to the band's résumé.

With two eps (one vinyl, one digital) under their belt, MAGSTATIC are ready to

unfurl their debut full length cd. It seemed like a perfect time to grab Spencer and make him play band spokesman.

Slug: Because of the history of some members of the band I've seen you referred to as an "all-star" band. Is that how you view it?

SJ: Nope, just a band. Actually, Pete is the least conspicuous member of the band, but he's the best bass player in the world.....well, pretty damn good anyway. He's the "all-star."

Slug: Does having members with some "history" help or hinder the band?

SJ: It definitely helps. The more someone contributes to the kettle of fish, the better. Whether it be musical history or life experience, and as long as everyone is willing to keep an open mind to new ideas and techniques, then it can only add to the culinary masterpiece.....I mean the progression of MAGSTATIC.

Slug: Are you happy with the progress the band has made so far?

SJ: Fer sher! Well, for the most part. Since we have only been together just shy of two years, we have accomplished quite a lot. However, because we (as individuals) have all been playing, and paying our dues since junior high, sometimes it seems like we're progressing rather slowly, although surely. Every

time we play we have a lot of people complimenting us on our sound and songs, etc. We win over new fans each show. That's definitely the way to do it, but it just seems to take a while sometimes. A good example of that is when we play a show locally, and we'll get a few people afterwards asking where we are from. It seems that a lot of people hold the misconception that we are a touring band. A lot of people think we hail from the North West, which is a valid assumption, considering how much we have played up there; Well that and our lovely array of flannel apparel. Just kidding, I realize the flannel humor is passe. Sorry.

Slug: Tell me about the "Kung Fu" mini-cd. Is it something you are getting out to fans or is it primarily a "shopper" for labels?

SJ: It's both. We were very limited with time, funds, etc. Our intentions were mainly to put out a quality demonstration disc that could be passed on to interested "music industry types," and also be sold to earn gas money on tour.

Slug: You have a new full length cd in the works, right?

SJ: Yeah, we're really excited to get it out. Buy it. The tentative release date is March 15, 1999. Buy it. We're very pleased with the final product, and think that you (the average music lover) will seriously dig it. Buy it. The album ("Cruise Liner") consists

of 10 infectious songs mostly brand new material and a few newly recorded/previously unreleased tracks. Buy it. We just recently rekindled Running Records and are releasing it ourselves under that name (also available from running: STENCH, BAD YODELERS/SEASON OF THE SPRING, and MYRRH). You know you want to buy it.

Slug: There is such diversity between your songs. So many influences are present. How do you go about crafting your tunes?

SJ: The melodic and lyrical ingeniousness stems from Terr's consciousness. As for the nuts and bolts of a song, everyone contributes. Usually T or myself will come to practice with the better part, or bulk of a song, and we will run through it a couple of times, and everyone will craft their own parts and contribute to the song. The songs are always progressing; we will often change and rearrange parts after having played them a certain way for a while, or even after they've been recorded in the studio.

Slug: "Emo" as a genre tag is very loosely applied to all kinds of bands. Do you feel it is accurate in describing MAGSTATIC?

SJ: We've had many different descriptors used synonymously with our name. Emo is one of them. There is a definite plenti-

tude of emotion in our songs, both lyrically and musically. As far as using "emo" to categorize us.....sure, why not.

Slug: The members of MAGSTATIC have paid a lot of dues over the years in various bands. What are some of the "hard lessons" you've learned?

SJ: Umm.....Eat your Wheaties? Learn to talk things out and speak your mind, and LISTEN. Sometimes people keep all of their issues pent up inside, and they build up until finally there's a huge outburst of anger, and that's when feelings are hurt and people are offended. If you can talk through problems as they arise, it makes things run much smoother in the long run. And Practice, Practice, Practice: when you start skipping practices, that's when everything starts to fall apart. And always try to buy a reliable van.

Slug: What is a magstatic?

SJ: Good question. I suppose that's open to your personal interpretation....

Slug: Who did the artwork on the new CD? The "Japanese" style cartoons are great!

SJ: Aren't they though? A friend of mine from the Mid West (Indiana). Joshua Smith. Thanks again Josh!

Slug: Have you ever had an experience in the band that has made you think, "This can't be worth it" and tempted you to just bag it all?

SJ: I can't speak for everyone, but I know it's difficult sometimes with rent, house payments, kids, school, relationships, and jobs to put so much time and effort into the band while juggling the others. We have our share of disappointments and disagreements. But no, nothing that has made us want to bag it completely.

Slug: So what motivates you to keep going?

SJ: We have to pay back our debt (laughs). No really, our van broke down on tour three times, and we had to get a new engine put in, and with all the money we've spent on merchandise and.....Okay seriously: We all love music, and love writing and playing it. I know it's something I always want to do no matter where life leads me. But it would really be nice to be able to pay the bills by playing music. I believe every artist wants to make a living doing what s/he loves. So just for clarification: The love of music is the motivation, not the hope of one day making money instead of losing it.

Slug: Do have any tunes that are personal favorites of the band or any tunes that you cringe over and wish you had never recorded?

SJ: We haven't had much of a choice as far as recording goes. Our studio experiences are always very limited in time and budget. It's usually a half day of tracking, and a half day of mixing. We try to get as much done as possible; That usually turns out to be four or five songs. After we get home and listen to the recording enough times, there is always a list of things we would like to change or redo, but don't have the resources, nor do we have the resources to release everything we've recorded. But there aren't any songs we regret recording. I think it's wise to record as many as possible, even if it's just for the purpose of having a place to start when rearranging or writing new parts.

Slug: Any last words?

SJ: Thanks Jeb, Everyone. Please check out our web site, sign the guestbook, and buy our stuff.....and SPREAD THE WORD!
<http://www.magstatic.com>
 —Jeb Branin

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"Substandard Concert Previews
Comparable to an Atrophied Anus"

or

"Burro with a Broken Leg Concert
Previews"

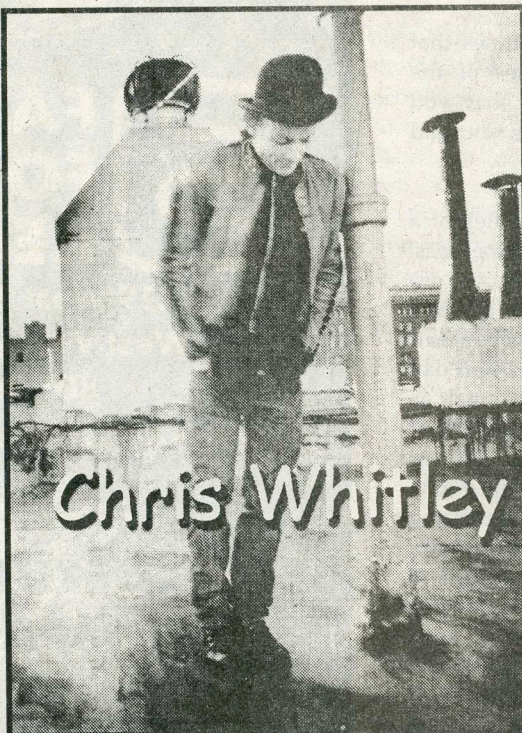
or "Los Cortes del Conciertos
Tontos"

This column is in the midst of
an identity crisis. Please bear
with me. Or shut the fuck up.

The first-five-days rundown
goes something like this: Cypress
Hill was at the Burns Event
Center in St. George on the 2nd,
the Uninvited were at the Zephyr
on the 2nd and 3rd, and Jets to
Brazil and Euphone played at
Club DV8 on the 2nd as well.
Also on the 3rd, Mustard Plug
and the Pilfers skanked up DV8,
Sparklehorse and Varnaline (a
show that was worth the cost of
admission for Varnaline alone do
yourself a favor and buy their
CD Sweet Life) played at Brick's
and Miles Hunt (formerly of the
Wonderstuff) played at Harry
O's in Park City. Hate Dept. were
the Area 51 attraction on the
fourth and if you are reading this
on the 5th, you still have time to
catch the following shows:

Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
play the Eccles Center for the
Performing Arts tonight and the
Amor Belhom Duo, an avant
garde pop band from Tuscon by
way of France, plays the Zephyr
with locals Sister Shake. If a Flat
Duo Jets guitar and drum duo
with a cello or accordion thrown
in for good measure sounds like
a nice change of pace, check
these guys out. Their latest is
entitled Wavelab Performance.
On April 6th, Mxpx and
Shadesapart are at the Tower and
swingabilly purveyors the
Camaros are at the Zephyr. They

are currently touring in support
of their disc, Evil. Might be a
good idea to take this one in;
especially since the band is fronted
by two very talented, very
attractive women. (Honey, if
you're reading this, please know
that it is meant innocently and I
deserve to retain my genitalia.
Thank you for your kind consid-



eration.) I should also mention a
very hot jazz trio by the name of
the Living Daylights are playing
at the Dead Goat Saloon on the
6th. The band is comprised of a
sax player, drummer and the
most bad-ass bassist I have ever
heard. I may have to split time
between both clubs that night.
On the 7th, eight-string jazz guitar
ist Charlie Hunter will appear
at the Zephyr with opener Adam
Cruz. Formerly of Disposable
Heroes of Hiphoprisy, Hunter is
an outstanding instrumentalist

who simultaneously plays
bass lines and tasty jazz
runs on his custom
guitar.

You
must
see this
one.
Natalie
Merchant
will play
Kingsbury Hall
on the 8th but
since she gets
enough press, I

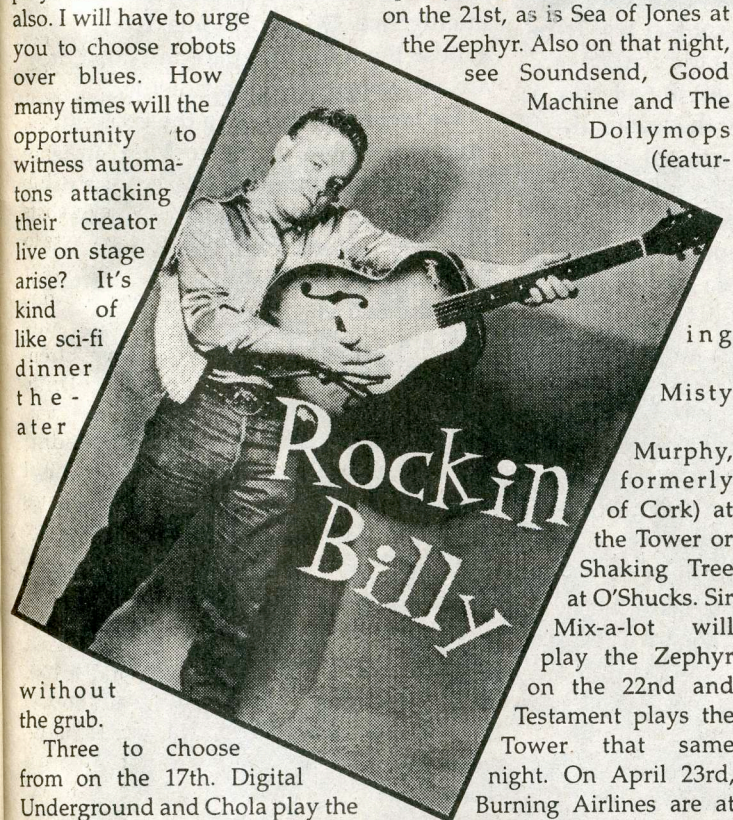
will
recom-
mend
Rockin
Billy and his Wild
Coyotes at the
Zephyr that night.
Rockin Billy
Harnden has
played with some
of the biggest
names in rockabilly
(most recently
Ronnie Dawson)
and is now out on
his own, playing an
amalgam of rocka-
billy, surf, blues
and swing. The
Wild Coyotes also
boast the saxo-
phone acrobatics of
one Big Fine Daddy
as an added bonus.

Friday the 9th
has a shitload of
activity, so pay
attention. At the Tower Theatre,
Stabbing Westward will headline
a show with androgynous light
industrial power trio Placebo
supporting. Flick will open. The
Real Ride Skatepark has a big
one with Grinspoon, Hospital
Food and Springheeled Jack
warming up the crowd for
Unwritten Law. Sebadoh will
undoubtedly pack Brick's (why
aren't they playing a larger
venue?). Special guests lower-
case are an added bonus with
their Into Another/Cure-influ-



Insatiable
that night as well.
On the 10th, favor Hellcat
Records Slackers and 2 Ω White
Guys at the Zephyr over Billy
Joel at the Delta Center. The
Slackers also play ABG's on the
11th, so that you may leave the
valley while 98 Degrees,
B*witched and Jessica Simpson
play Kingsbury Hall. April 13th
presents a difficult choice. Elliot
Smith and Jr. High are at Club
DV8 while rockabilly revivalists
the Hillbilly Hellcats lay waste to
the Zephyr. I could go both ways
here. Elliot Smith's XO is a fine
album and Jr. High are
unknowns who deserve atten-
tion. Alternatively, the Hillbilly
Hellcats offer some of the very
best in rockabilly and their disc,
Our Brand smokes like, well, I
don't want to get sued. It comes
down to song writing vs. beer,
(upright) bass and bacchanalia.
Now who do you think would
win in a fair fight? High Times
Hemp 100 band Freshly Baked
will play the Zephyr on the 14th
and since I don't want to see
Grease on fucking Ice, I will be
there. It also helps that I looove a
stoner jam band. The 15th has
Sheryl Crow and Semisonic at
the E Center for the Top 40 loving
crowd and the Zephyr has what I
believe is a free show (call to ver-
ify) with Watsonville Patio and
the Floodplain Gang.
Watsonville Patio is best
described as Mazzy Star meets a
fuzz pedal. These guys can write

a helluva song and play it sincerely without coming off sappy. The Floodplain Gang is a bluegrass/jam band from Colorado that is sooo damn good. If this show truly is free, we should all bow down and kiss the feet of everyone at the Zephyr. Watch out for Toe-Jam Charlie, though. Phew! ABC's has something special cooked up for the 16th: Captured by Robots, a band comprised of one human (J-Bot) and a backup band of robots he built himself. J-Bot's intent was to create bandmates who were more agreeable than his past compatriots in bands such as the Blue Meanies, but unfortunately they have turned on him and subject him to cruel hazing and ridicule throughout the show. One could say that J-Bot is now his creations' bitch. Sad. See also the Dead Goat for, you guessed it, blues. Mike Reilly and the Brotherhood of Eternal Blues will play there on the 16th also. I will have to urge you to choose robots over blues. How many times will the opportunity to witness automa-



without the grub.

Three to choose from on the 17th. Digital Underground and Chola play the Zephyr, Cosy Sheridan folks up the U of U Fine Arts Auditorium and Built to Spill (oh, yeah!) plays at DV8. We should do a story on those guys. Son of Mingus leads 6 Going On 7 at the Moroccan on the 18th, and Dropkick Murphys (Oy!) play Brick's with Oxymoron and the

Ducky Boys. The 19th has Faith Hill and the Warren Brothers at the E Center and locals Velvet Alex at the Zephyr. The night of the twentieth presents a bit of a problem. Slug coverboys Man or Astro-man? and the Rock*A*Teens are at DV8, but Larry Gatlin is at Little America. Shit! How the hell am I supposed to decide with so much talent on the menu? God damn fate that would put this dilemma before me! Actually, there are two more shows that night that hold some appeal. 34, Sattelite is a rootsy band that some would lump into the hackneyed No Depression/Alt-country genre, but deserve recognition for simply being a great band. See them at Ichabob's or see Monkey at ABC's if the Man or Astro-man/Rock*A*Teens vs. Larry Gatlin is a decision that you just can't make. Brethren Fast, described as rockabilly/funk by Sparky at ABC's, are a decent bet on the 21st, as is Sea of Jones at the Zephyr. Also on that night, see Soundsend, Good Machine and The Dollymops (featur-

ing Misty

Murphy, formerly of Cork) at the Tower or Shaking Tree at O'Shucks. Sir Mix-a-lot will play the Zephyr on the 22nd and Testament plays the Tower. that same night. On April 23rd, Burning Airlines are at the University of Utah and Calobo, a groove band from Portland plays the first of a two-nighter at the Zephyr. Glen Campbell, the Rhinestone Cowboy, plays at a private function on the 24th. Find out where and crash the fucker. Beat everyone present for keeping

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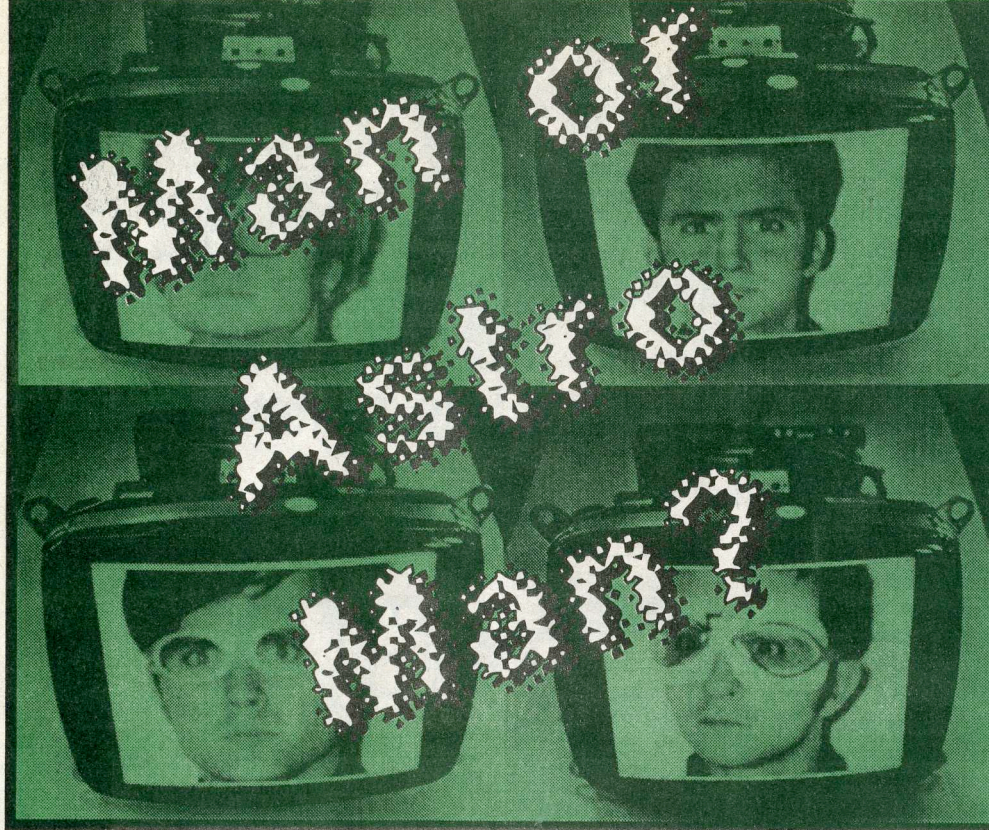
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Campbell to themselves. Yes, I am bitter. Yet another entry in the youthful white blues hero category is Monster Mike Welch. Welch plays the Dead Goat on the 26th. This will be the live KRCL broadcast for the month. April 28th sees David Wilcox at the Tower and Ryan Shupe and the Rubberband at the Zephyr, but the show to see is NSYNC, Blaque and Tatyana Ali at the Delta Center. I like the guy with the Predator-esque hair. Imagine making hot monkey love to that cutey. The fantasy goes something like this: He treats me roughly, but gently enough to lull me into relinquishing control of my mental faculties and my body. He scoops me up and we turn invisible. He runs down 500 East until we are at my place. My numb fingers can't grasp the keys, so he fumbles in my hip pocket for them and brushes the only alert part of my body, my you-know-what. He unlocks the door and drops me to the hall floor, no longer able to restrain the animal lust that courses through his alien body. With one swipe, I am partially naked and

he is upon me. The lustful expression on his face is suddenly gone and a mixture of expressions take turns wreaking havoc with his facial features, not unlike the morphing effects in Michael Jackson's Black or White video. His face settles on the expression of frustrated rage, as he has prematurely ejaculates. Shamed and attempting to save face, he eviscerates me and leaves me bleeding and unsatisfied. Perhaps even broken-hearted. My last thought is that I should have gone for the freckle-faced one. Fuck.

Interlude over. Rob Wasserman, Stephen Perkins and the rest of Banyan are at the Zephyr on the 29th. Nothing else interesting to report for the remainder of the month. In May, look forward to Lagwagon and All on the 8th at Bricks, Richard Leo Johnson at the Zephyr on the 9th, the Groovie Ghoulies on the 22nd at DV8 and The Doobie Brothers at Franklin Quest/Covey Field on the 29th. Whoa-oh, China Grove!

—Randy Harward



My brain had been in orbit over Slugmag One for approximately one earth week awaiting the next phase of my mission when the transmission came across my screen. I was to rendezvous via telecom with Birdstuff of the **Man-Or Astro-Man?** collective in two earth days. My spirits soared; as nothing worthy of noting in my ship's log had occurred since Wednesday when my waste disposal unit failed and I was reduced to wasting in my helmet and jettisoning it from the cargo bay.

Finally! Some action.

The transmission included details as to the frequency I should use to establish contact with Birdstuff and the time coordinates at which contact should occur. I began to review data in preparation. Col. Giampiano from the U.S.S. Touch and Go (**Man...or Astro-Man?**'s mothership) had provided me with the essential background data for the mission: biographical data, a still image of the **Man-Or Astro-Man?** personnel and the EEVIAC (An operational index and reference guide, including other modern computational devices), the latest product of the **Man-Or Astro-Man?** collective. After reviewing the data, I felt prepared for the mission even a bit eager.

The day came when contact was to be established and I rose to the challenge. I made the decision to use the telecom at a nearby satellite where the waste disposal facilities were functional and the telecom slightly more advanced (my vessel's own telecom was an antiquated rotary device a testament to the affiliate's thriftiness; even in a time of great technological advances). I boarded one of the few luxuries I was afforded for my tenure in orbit over Slugmag One, a shuttle imported from Japan Five. I verified the quantity of combustibles, inspected the interior for space moths, then radioed my position and destination to Affiliate headquarters. Once I had received sanction for departure, I did so. Ordinarily, the trip would last one earth hour, but I set the thrusters a fraction above idle and flew casually to the satellite. I was ahead of schedule and therefore in no hurry.

As I docked with the satellite, I reviewed the details of the mission: I was to acquire data in the form of direct quotes from Birdstuff and deliver it to the Affiliate, who would then determine what data should be known to the population. Twenty thousand chips would be produced and disseminated among the population, who would then be cognizant of the impending arrival of

Birdstuff and the remainder of the **Man...or Astro-Man?** collective (Coco the Electronic Monkey Wizard, Blazar the Probe Handler and Trace Reading) and their subsequent assimilation of the population.

After I was certain that the air locks were sealed and I that there was no contaminable content (e.g. space fucks, meandering browneyes and pucker crabs) aboard the satellite, I boarded and headed for the communication deck. Making myself comfortable in front of the telecom, I set the frequency and input the contact coordinates for Birdstuff's residential unit. A moment passed and Birdstuff accepted my transmission. We exchanged the customary pleasantries, then set to work. Birdstuff first oriented me as to the purpose of the collective.

"Our formation was catalyzed by a desire for insurrection against the dominant species, the Frequency Modulators. Their subspecies, such as the Live collective, were offensive to our ears and our intelligence. Our rebellion exists to expose them for the space farts that they are and subject them to ridicule."

He went on, detailing the escapist doctrine of **Man...or Astro-Man?** from their adoption of alter-egos (for the purpose of escaping their true identities) and their history; beginning with **Man...or Astro-Man?**'s initial enlistment with the Estrus Alliance.

"Capt. Crider of the Estrus Alliance had obtained a magnetic analog sample of our musical rebellion and telecommenced, informing us of his interest in our cause. Our systole/diastole ratios were elevated at the prospect of reaching lifeforms through the Alliance, who we had always respected. Unfortunately, Capt. Crider had encountered interference in his attempts to reach alternate galaxies, so we were forced to ally ourselves elsewhere. The U.S.S. Touch and Go indicated an interest and we enlisted with them. There have been less difficulties since."

Man...or Astro-Man? continues to produce vinyl propaganda with the Estrus Alliance and does not rule out the possibility of creating digital audio emanations with them in the future.

The time came to acquire data pertinent to the Arrival of **Man...or Astro-Man?**. Previous reconnaissance missions that I had conducted revealed that

Man...or Astro-Man? would touch down at Star DV8 on the twentieth revolution of the April time period. Preceding them would be the Zen Guerilla squadron and the Rock*A*Teens guard. **Man...or Astro-Man?** would arrive in the final phase. Birdstuff provided the following data:

The **Man...or Astro-Man?** stage will be equipped with EEVIAC mainframe computers designed and built by the members of **Man...or Astro-Man?**. The EEVIACs will house the band members' Vibrolux and Twin sonic output devices. MacIntosh audio/visual devices will stand atop the EEVIACs, intermittently triggering brief bursts of sensory bliss. The audible content of the Arrival will contain **Man...or Astro-Man?** staples as well as new sonic experiments. Those familiar

with the **Man...or Astro-Man?** movement will notice a slight departure from their typical musical methods.

Our communication ended with more customary pleasantries and a barely audible *blip*. I rose from my seat before the telecom, gathered my magnetic monaural cartridges, placed them in my hip compartment and returned to my shuttle.

The return to my vessel in orbit around Slugmag One was swift. The life forms must know that the Arrival of **Man...or Astro-Man?** is imminent and all will be assimilated.

—Randy Harward

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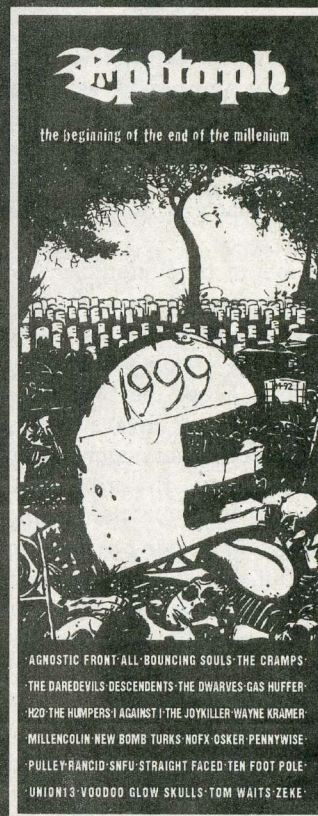
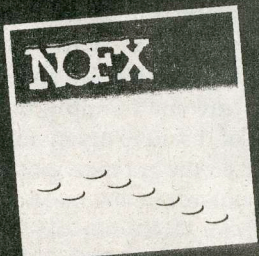
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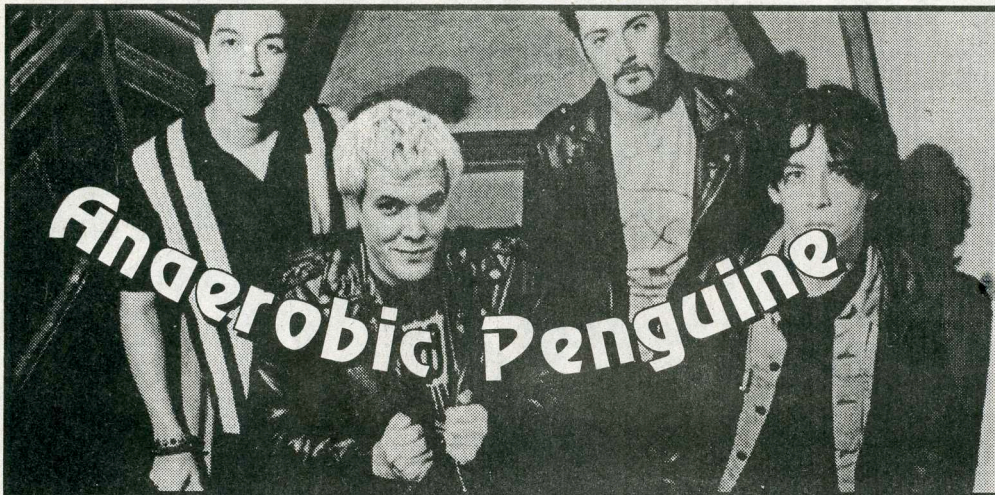
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An interview with Brig Gridip-Smith of Anaerobic Penguin...

Adrian: Hi, thanks for talking with us at Slug. We are all really big fans of yours. Have you ever read Slug?

Brig Gridip-smith: Well, I've pretty much taken the past four months off mostly to

Records. At least that's what Mike Havehersoxxon at Brian's in Draper said. **BG-S:** No, not really. I don't write songs so much as songs write me. You know? I am the chord and the cord is me. See, E flat, now ... D. See. Draper? Its not in Los Angeles is it? **Adrian:** It's in Utah.



investigate my sexual possibilites with local porn stars. I figure, Vince Neil and Marlyn Manson both bone a pro, then I should too. But I haven't had too much luck. I don't really like to leave the house. So mostly I just

investigate the possibilities by video and the internet. And yes, I was typing www.slutmag.com, when I slipped and got your home page. What do you guys do?

Adrian: We mostly just intimidate local buisnesses with our impressive statistics and print all the stuff we have.

BG-S: I saw the website this morning. Pretty bitchin graphics.

Adrian: What is it that you do with your day.

BG-S: I spend lots of time stonin on the casket in my front room, totally zoomed out staring at the television display where often enough there is a terribly real looking car chase going on. I love the car chases and the bits where the guy always by this time stuck in the trunk is shot nonchalantly by the heavy as he leaves the crime. You know, haberdasher like. Or that scene where Molly Ringwald is trying to have an orgasm in a car, but the sex is represented cinematically with the rearview mirror waving against the trees like flowers bufeted by the wind.

Adrian: Like the wind?

BG-S: Like the western wind.

Adrian: And do you do any song writing while you watch these movies? Or does your record label prefer that you write music when they are in the room; like the guys in "Quidity" on Brett's Butthole

BG-S: You are the only guys that know me in Utah. You think there are others too. I only play shows in Los Angeles. I haven't actually left the city in a year or so.

Adrian: But you're going to play in Utah this next month at the Zephyr, is that right?

BG-S: No, actually I don't know anything about that. I have no intention of leaving here for some time.

Adrian: Well your agent, Gretta called me and said I should do a story on you cause you were coming to town.

BG-S: well I don't know how that little bitch could do that. Well, fire one fire them all, that's what I always say. At least this time. For now.

Adrian: so you don't think you'll be coming to the city of crime from the City of Angels?

BG-S: nope.

Adrian: You play a mean damn guitar; what do you listen too for influence?

BG-S: I first became aware of the guitar when I was leaving an airport: the sun hit me in the eyes and when I closed them I heard the most beautiful music; it was being piped in elevator style in the sliding doorway area. It was the sound of trumpets on that Beatles song, "Got to get you into my life" Simply stopped me in my tracks. I said to my mom I want to play like that, so she got me a guitar. She was wrong of course, but she meant well.

Adrian: Well your playing has been compared with Jeff Beck's pre-Yardbirds work. Do you think that is fair?

BG-S: I prefer the critic that compared me to Frank Zappa's pre- menstrual work, In particular the "I'm ready for the rag suite."

Adrian: Who is Frank Zappa?

BG-S: You don't know who Frank Zappa was?

Adrian: Just kidding, of course I do. He's the one who put out that one record. That famous one with the sing along. I can't remember the name.

BG-S: Yes the name. Always with the name.

Adrian: Your name?

BG-S: Your mother?

Adrian: No really.

BG-S: Well my real name is Brig Gridip. Its Swedish, I was born in Sweden. And Smith is of course so that I will fit in American Pop music scene better.

At this point in the interview I hear very distinctly the sound of a bong being lit and a long hit being taken.

Adrian: Are you gettting stoned?

BG-S: No, I'm... I've got this sinus thing and the doctor has given me something to strengthen my lungs. I have to suck on it every few hours or I could easily strangle to death on stage just from the mucuous. Really amazing stuff. You know that's how Stiv Bators died.

Adrian: Mucuous?

BG-S: No, a car hit him, he came home and just sat down. Smoked a number. And died. Internal bleeding can be pretty slow.

Adrian: Now your band, Anaerobic Penguin, have become the toast of the Drunken Brawl circuit, drawing comparison with The Replacements and Jane's Addiction. Do you think that is fair. Or do you agree, as I do, that you aren't even in the same league with the Replacements.

BG-S: Hootenany is the monster of all drunk lo-fi albums. I would give my one remaining nut to have been there when they recorded "Take me to the Hospital." I can't say enough about the raw genius of young Paul Westerberg. But even he stinks now. But Jane's, if it were't for the Chili Peppers there would be no question as to who was the most overrated vocalist of the 80's. And we're supposed to think that he is some kind of visionary. I've only got one thing to say to Perry Farrel: Get some glasses you goofy bastard. His voice is the emotional equivilant of wind through a drinkin straw.

HEAD: YOUR CAT IS DEAD

by Phil Jacobsen

I didn't mean to kill the cat. But there it was. Dead. Dead. Dead. Ripped to shreds by a coyote. Deke's cat was dead. And I was to blame.

I was living in Laguna Beach, California. My house was on a hill. In California this hill was called a mountain and it was where the coyotes came out at night.

I didn't know it then, but I have come to learn, that a cat with nine lives is a seven course meal to a coyote. Deke should have told me this. Instead, as he was preparing to leave for Las Vegas, by showing me how to take care of his cat, he simply said, "At night, close and lock this window."

I stood there, with a laissez-faire I could not care attitude, thinking to myself, in capital letters, "IT'S A CAT. HOW HARD CAN THIS BE?"

As my mind malingered to thoughts that did not involve an animal that says "Meow," I do recall hearing the drone of Deke as he gave further instructions, ad homonym, about an animal he spoke about using personifications. "Calvin (the cat) doesn't like it when I go out of town." Or "Calvin likes to listen to the radio, but don't let him watch TV. He sits too close to the screen." And, once again, "IT'S A CAT." Echoed through my head so loudly it must have drowned out the important words like "coyote" and "They are cat killers."

Friday night was great. Deke had satellite TV and a fridge full of beer. Calvin and I watched the Nature Channel all night long. And, I'll be damned, but that cat did sit too close to the TV. I think the cat had cataracts.

Saturday night, the fridge was no longer full of beer, so I went out and left Calvin in. I decided I'd spoil the cat by letting him watch TV. But,

how was I suppose to know that after That Darn Cat finished airing, there would be one of Those Damn Infomercials on TV.

Obviously, Calvin grew tired of watching TV when he realized the products being advertised, like a knife that could slice through an aluminum can and then a tomato, required the use of an opposable thumb. So he opened up the window and went out on his final Tom catting crusade.

Some windows open by sliding them from the left to right. Others slide right to left, and the good windows, the kind a cat could not open, slide up and down. But this window, the window I had been instructed to lock but did not, was on hinges and a simple push of the paw sent this mobile midnight snack on a coyote rendezvous.

I plead ignorance and that is my excuse to the laws of nature. I didn't know coyotes ate cats. I didn't know this cat could open windows. But isn't that just like a cat, looking aloof, independent, and stupid. Cats can't sit, shake or roll over, but THEY CAN OPEN A WINDOW?

I didn't leave the bloody mess for Deke to see. And, I didn't tell him the truth. "Welcome back from Las Vegas,"

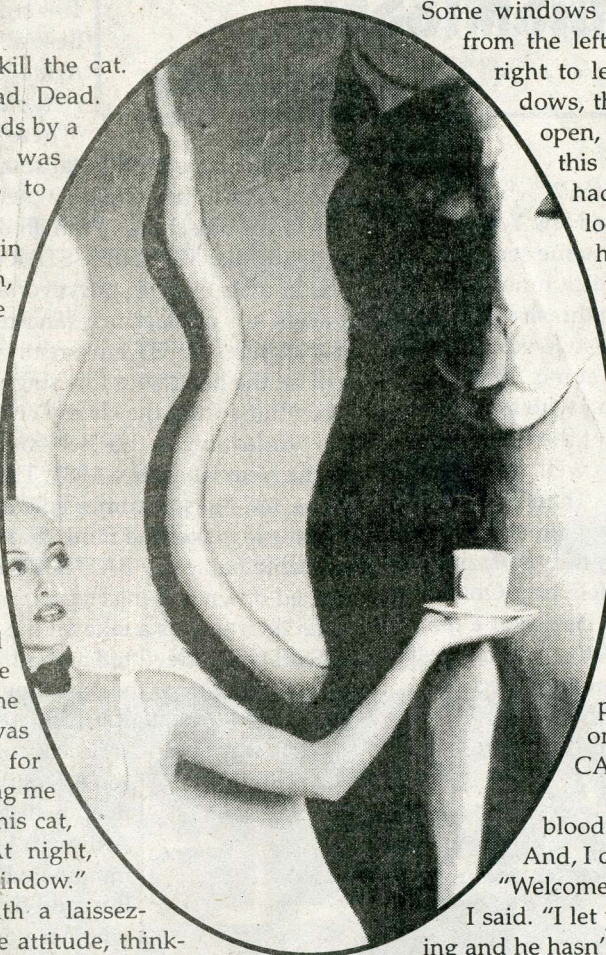
I said. "I let your cat out this morning and he hasn't come back." I figured, instilling hope was better than showing the remnants of a carcass.

Why now does this ugly story rear its wicked head? Because I'm sitting in my friend's house. On the east side of town, with real mountains and real danger out the back window. Two cats, a dog and three fish are in my care. I hate fish. But they will live, all the animals will live, damn it, without exercise, fresh air or watching TV, because I have them locked in the bedroom. Safe, secure and hopefully not suffocating. I hate being responsible for another person's pets.

I wish I did not have the blood of Calvin on my hands.

But, when these friends return from their vacation, they won't have to wait for the second coming of Christ to be reunited with their pets. And Calvin will not have died in vain, he died so these animals could live.

—Phil Jacobsen



Adrian: Does Anaerobic Penguin have any plans for a follow up to last fall's debut, "Wet velvet for toungeing?"

BG-S: We haven't been all that excited to go into the studio. Last time we all went pretty much nuts and broke and then into rehab. Well, not rehab exactly. We actually hired a tantric specialist to administer our normal drugs in the precise places to prevent further withdrawal. So we keep her around to inject us every few hours. That way we aren't actually addicted, but merely participating in an ongoing eastern discipline, like karate or yoga.

Adrian: So you are new age junkies.

Brig Gridip-smith: Yea, in a matter of speaking. We use our discipline with the assistance of Sun Hee to become enlightened. Five times a day.

Adrian: So, we can't look forward to a new album for a while then.

Brig Gridip-smith: Yes, we should be putting an album together soon. I just have to finish writing some poems so I know what the songs are going to be about. And then the record company guys show the band what to play after the record has been recorded. With this new stuff on computer, I can speak the song into the mike, and they just make the melody for me. This keeps our live shows really exciting because we haven't ever really played any song before we hit the road; with our backs to the wall so to speak.

Adrian: so you have no "skills" so to speak.

BG-S: I just have to look good. Keep moving on stage, and monitor the tantric juices.

Adrian: You lucky bastard.

BG-S: Yea, I suppose. I still think that squinty little prick with RadioHead gets more shaved nah-nah than I do, but other than that, yea I'm pretty lucky I suppose.

—Adrian St. Flecher

"We're the McDonald's of Rock. We're always there to satisfy, and a billion served."

—Paul Stanley of KISS

CRASS DISMISSED

—Jeb Branin

THEY LIVE

A Taste of the Good Life 7"

Hailing from upstate New York THEY LIVE are churning out some seriously fine core. Lightning quick tunes played with a classic hardcore thrash vibe and overlaid with multiple style vox. The vocals really jump out at me. They are venom filled and raging with a traditional hatecore edge most of the time but there are other flares as well, including a vicious grindcore roar. There is even the occasional Japanese flavored screech and a bit of hip hop. The music is blazing fast both in duration and delivery. Only three of these thirteen songs lasts over a minute (none is over two minutes) and the vast majority of them are under 30 seconds. But don't get the idea this is noisy blur ala A.C. These tunes are tight and are

delivered with pinpoint accuracy right between the eyes. Maybe a more power violence flavored version of SORE THROAT? Maybe. All that matters is the fact that this is cataclysmic hardcore that has captured the sound and feel of the end of the world. Don't get left

PEST

Towards The Bestial Armageddon 7" (gold vinyl)

These boys are

more than mere traditional sounding black metal... they could be the headmasters of the oldschool. With all due respect to bands like MORNINGSTAR who are plying their trade as purveyors of the ancient arts of blackness (ancient - as in mid eighties), PEST have really hit the nail on the head with this single. Everything from the cheesy cover art to the production on this slab could easily fit the Neat label circa 1985. The keyboard flares and the sometimes epic quality of the music makes me think that PEST probably had early BATHORY records melted down and injected intravenously. Even their logo is a take on the old POSSESSED logo, devil tail and all. The only real straying from the past they do is in the vocal department. They utilize dual

style vox, one a black screech and one a deep hellish roar. Although I can't imagine what bearing it would have on whether you wanted to buy this record or not, I personally enjoy this flavor of black metal more now than I did

LIFE IN A BURN CLINIC

Start The Violence

This is complex thrash hardcore that manages to be adventurous while keeping one foot firmly planted in the harsh and merciless onslaught that defines the genre. There are moments of almost eclectic experimentations in discordance

counterpoised by a direct and punishing whirlwind of sound. During their more direct and in-your-face moments they remind me a lot of the hypercore blasters LACK OF INTEREST, especially because the vox are not typical power violence growls and screeches but are more of the classic hardcore yells. It is my understanding that this is a very new band so extra kudos for the seamlessly tight delivery and the solid production. The only fault I could possibly find with this tape is that it is too short. I want more. More, more, more. Gimme, gimme. Get this tape now so in a year you can say "I knew them when..." (Contact hitsatan@aol.com)

ROT / TWISTED TRUTH

Split 7" (red vinyl)

Neither of these two bands is content to merely pick up their instruments and crank out vicious and sick grindcore. No way. They opt instead to redefine the term "noise pollution". With the release of this record civic politicians across the world are scrambling to add amendments to their city ordinances on noise. All I can say is, "Ain't it beautiful?" I'm moved to tears. No matter how much grindcore evolves and mutates and expands there will be room for bands like these two who play it raw, warped and primitive. TWISTED TRUTH are the more direct of the two bands, kicking it out and ripping it up from the word go. No breaks, no breathers, no restraint, and for damn sure nothing delicate. A pure wall of noise. ROT are a tad (a small tad) more refined and their music is better developed with more of a groove and more distinction, but no less devastating. They don't call it mincecore for nothing. This record isn't going to introduce you to anything new in grind, but who cares?

GROINCHURN

6x9+5

10" Pic Disc

Run for cover boys and girls, they are back. The South African gods of grind return with yet another release that you absolutely must own. This is the first domestic (U.S.A.) release of their incredible (and well on its way to legendary) "6x9" album. Except this is a treat than you might expect. Instead of being released in the U.S. on cd, this is a collector's edition 10" pic disc. And it that weren't enough, the release contains as a bonus the five tracks from their hard to



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find split 7" with CAPTAIN THREE LEG. Neither the year and a half old "6x9" tracks or the even older tracks from the split suffer from age. They are as fresh and destructive to these ears as they were the first time I heard them. The cover art for "6x9" was striking in its original packaging but as a pic disc it is even more impressive. If you crave fast, punishing, and intelligent grind-core devastation, you simply must own this. (\$8ppd to Fudgeworthy Records 8 Stevin Dr. Woburn, MA 01801)

SERMON

From Death To Death CD

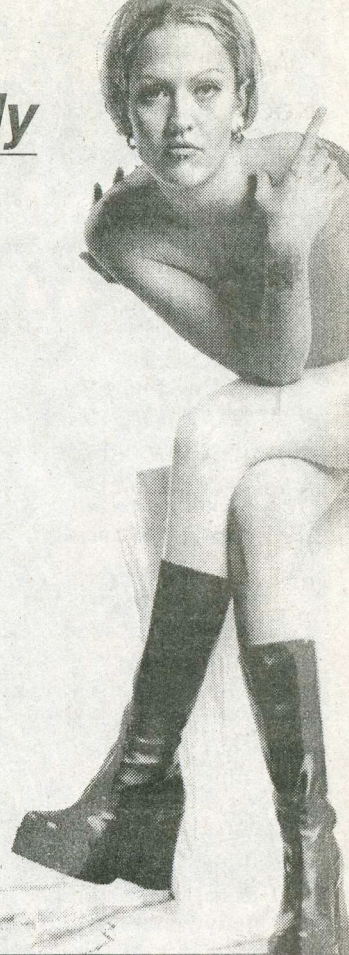
SERMON are another band in that ever growing cadre of groups who have learned the lessons of both death and black metal and are combining the better qualities of both genres into a fresh new onslaught of destructive


power. From death metal they borrow their aggression, heaviness, energy and song structure. From black metal they get their epic proportions, screeched vocals, and broad sweeping sound. It certainly helps SERMON that they seem to be an accomplished and capable band. They play with class and are extremely tight, which is essential when playing music of this magnitude and diversity. They also impress me in their willingness to take chances and do the unexpected. Just when you think you've got your finger on the pulse of the band they will throw in a slow, melodic breakdown, or even an instrumental that is dominated by a jazz piano. The thorn in the side of black metal since its inception is the tendency generic sounding bands who lack any imagination...

—Jeb

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ARCHAEOLOGY

Having fooled some Beatles scholars, the mystery of supposed missing Beatles songs is now exposed as the work of a prankster. The four pieces, "Colliding Circles," "Pink Litmus Paper Shirt," "Deckchair," and "Left Is Right (And Right Is Wrong)," were a 1971 teenage prank perpetrated by Hollywood-based British humorist and TV personality Martin Lewis, a Beatles authority (<http://www.martinlewis.com/beatles.html>). Lewis initiated the ruse as a London music journalist by inserting the titles of his own Beatles-inspired songs into a story on the Fab Four in Disc & Music Echo.

Since then, lazy journalism gave life to the joke, as one piece referred to another. Also, Lewis admitted to even planting further clues as recently as two years ago. As a producer, Lewis was responsible for the Secret Policeman's Ball flicks and Monty Python albums. Python songster Neil Innes (Bonzo Dog Band) references the song titles in "Unfinished Words" recorded by his Beatles parody group, The Rutles.

MOBFEST

With the motto "No Distractions, Just Music" Chicago's new music festival MOBFest 1999 ("Music Over Business Festival") happens June 24-26. Both signed and unsigned bands as well as semi-

nars are offered at this event. Music industry types will staff panels covering the business side of music. A \$50 pass gets a weekend of music and access to the seminars and panels, if nothing else. MOBFest, 1608 West Belmont, Suite 203, Chicago IL 60657 or call 773/327.2529.

MORTIIS SIGNS WITH EARACHE

Earache Records announces the signing of Mortiiis (Emperor) to a worldwide, multi-album deal. Two albums are to be released this year. One album is a new project entitled THE STARGATE while the other is a CD issue of his limited edition 12" series to be titled CRYPT OF THE WIZARD. Emerging from the 'extreme Norweigan' death metal scene, Mortiiis should now see his synth compositions and vampire-theater reach an audience much greater than his solid cult following.

NXNE

Toronto's North by Northeast (NXNE) music festival and industry convention now enters its fifth year. The dates for this year's event are June 10, 11 and 12. The deadline for showcasing opportunities is already past, but have enjoyed myself at NYNE more than once and can attest to the fact that is good fund and excellent chance to network in one of North America's most fun cities. Check out the facts online at <http://www.nxne.com>. NXNE is also moving to new location this year. As such, that daytime activities are now going to be held at the Canadian Broadcasting (250 Front St. West, Toronto). Apparently, this is a spacious and comfortable location. More info can be had through its parent organization, SXSW by sending e-mail to sxsw@sxsw.com or surfing to <http://www.sxsw.com>.

A NEW TWIST FOR THOSE THAT STAYED HUNGRY

The legendary Twisted Sister reunites for a limited number of live appearances in the fall and summer of 1999. Original members Dee Snider, Jay Jay French, Marc Mendoza, Eddie Ojeda and A.J. Pero will perform together, in full make-up and costume, for the first time in twelve years. Twisted Sister performed for 15 years, logging more than 3,300 live shows between 1973 and 1987. The band received Gold and Platinum certifications after attaining an amazing amount of fame with precious little involvement of the music industry.

ZINES

Turning The Tide: Journal of Anti-Racist Activism, Research & Education

People Against Racist Terror,

Turning The Tide is a zealous tabloid doing its 'part' to expose the criminal existence of organized racism. Articles in this Summer 1998 edition include spotlights on Hawaiian and Puerto Rican independence movements and a fascinating historical look at homosexuality in the early Nazi ranks. In what has now become an obligatory inclusion of an article on the Y2K bug, Turning The Tide sees as threatening greater encroachment by the dangerous Christian Right.

Citizens of Xee

POB 45636, Seattle WA, 98145

Being alien beings themselves, the publishers of this photocopied zine are privy to extraterrestrial motivations and secrets. Giggling along the way, they let drop some of this knowledge along with comics, poetry and interviews with their friends. My favorite piece examines the latent homosexual subtext in Star Wars.

Mutant Renegade

POB 3445, Dayton OH, 45401

This is Mutant Renegade's

special High School Issue. The hard-working staff here is living formaldehyde for preserving the special humor of those teen years. Letters to the editor, many reviews, poetry and high school remembrances round out this bit of bathroom reading.

BOOKS

We Rock So You Don't Have To: The Option Reader #1

Scott Becker, editor of Option magazine, compiles in this volume articles on the glowing stars and unsung heroes of "alternative rock." Reading the book from beginning to end, we are going back in time from Sonic Youth (January 1998) to The Mekons (July 1991). The story begins with a group at times awkwardly thrust into the mainstream limelight meanwhile acting as an admitted inspiration to most chart-climbers better capable of commercial success. The story ends with The Mekons, unequaled pop craftsmen working largely unnoticed putting out albums craved by those in the knows and obtaining a paucity of recognition in return. Along the way we encounter anarchist mass-marketers Chumbawamba, icon Patti Smith, Aberdeen, Washington originators Melvins, Beastie Boy Mike D, grunge globalizers Nirvana, the monks of musical hardcore Fugazi and many more. Surprising to me, all the articles regardless of age reflect insight and serve to contribute to a telling, overall picture of today's self-loathing Top 40 and their unacknowledged inspirations.

VIDEO

Apt Pupil

Bryan Singer, Director

Columbia Tristar Home Video

Bryan Singer's (The Usual Suspects) direction of Brandon Boyce's screenplay based on a Stephen King novella is one of the better treatment of that author's works. While it is no The Shining, Apt Pupil is up there with Misery. Chivalrous, opaque, manipulative and

morally degenerate is Sir Ian McKellen (Gods and Monsters) as Nazi war criminal Kurt Dussander hiding out. Brad Renfro stars (The Client) as 16-year-old with an over active imagination that tracks Dussander down. Staring into the abyss for too long in this Nietzschean psycho-drama, Renfro as Todd Bowden plummets the cesspool depths of Dussanders soul until it almost too late to climb out.

As Sam Peckinpah's films (Straw Dogs, etc.) toyed with the idea of a resident evil ready to be awakened in each man, so Singer's efforts seem to cener around human spiders that keep their black thoughts close and patiently await gullible prey. Apt Pupil is often obvious (no one has to figure this film out), but it is interesting in how it exploits the ineffable fact that behind every voice of indignation against evil there is a traffic jam of rubber-necked gawkers that just want to have a look.

Dark Obsession

Nicholas Broomfield, Director / Kino on Video

This is the first feature film from British director Nicholas Broomfield known for his controversial shorts Chicken Ranch, Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam and Kurt and Courtney. Nietzsche said, "Man is the animal which can get used to anything." Dark Obsession tells us that man is an animal that can find something wrong in any situation. Living comfortably, even luxuriously, and with a markedly beautiful wife is only a chance for paranoia to set in. Vehicular manslaughter urged on by a hallucination is the first major ethical sacrifice brought on by the main character's (Gabriel Byrne as Hugo Brockton) fostered belief in his wife's infidelity. The shallow thoughts of self-preservation and masculine comradeship from Brockton's macho buddies in the Guards are negative reinforcement to his reactionary mindset. So effectively does

Broomfield convey the widening gulf between husband and wife that when Hugo kisses her (actress Amanda Donohoe) late in the movie it a disgusting, forced act, almost rape, by one stranger upon another. (4)

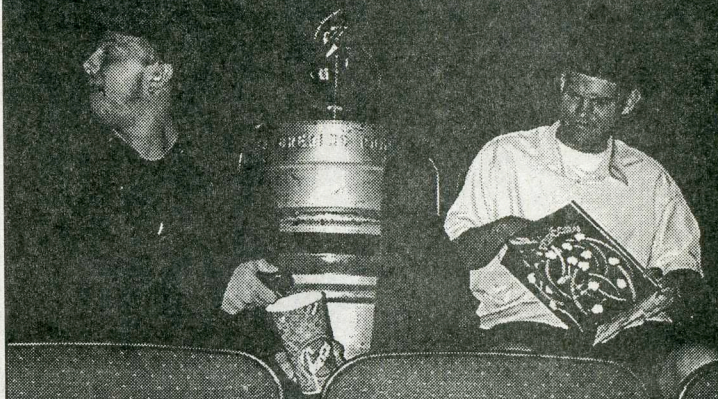
Conspirators of Pleasure Jan Svankmajer, Writer and Director Kino on Video

Food items and sexual obsession combine in a bizarre, very bizarre set of theatrically elaborate scenarios staged by the quirky characters portrayed in Conspirators of Pleasure. Sets of inter-related characters are enmeshed in a web of surreal sexual activity. Common themes of repression and lengthy, detailed pre-production lead to such extravagant displays as a five-armed entertainment center for self-pleasure and costumed bondage passion plays where two neighbors act out their unspoken desires for each other. Unspoken nearly everything is because this film, told in movements and facial expressions, is bereft of dialogue. It does not need any dialogue because motive identification is made through a candid acknowledgement of the lengths to which the human animal will go for unique sexual gratification and the common, neurotic desire (fueled by a very real desire to avoid persecution) to keep bedroom doors shut. Svankmajer throws open these gateways into a land of common hang-ups and grandiose solutions.

Frequent lapses in Svankmajer's trademark stop-action treatment serves to animate these character's freakish dreams. Also included in this volume is a 14-minute 1993 short entitled Food. Food includes the same elements the culinary and uncanny in an eternal round robin. (4.5)



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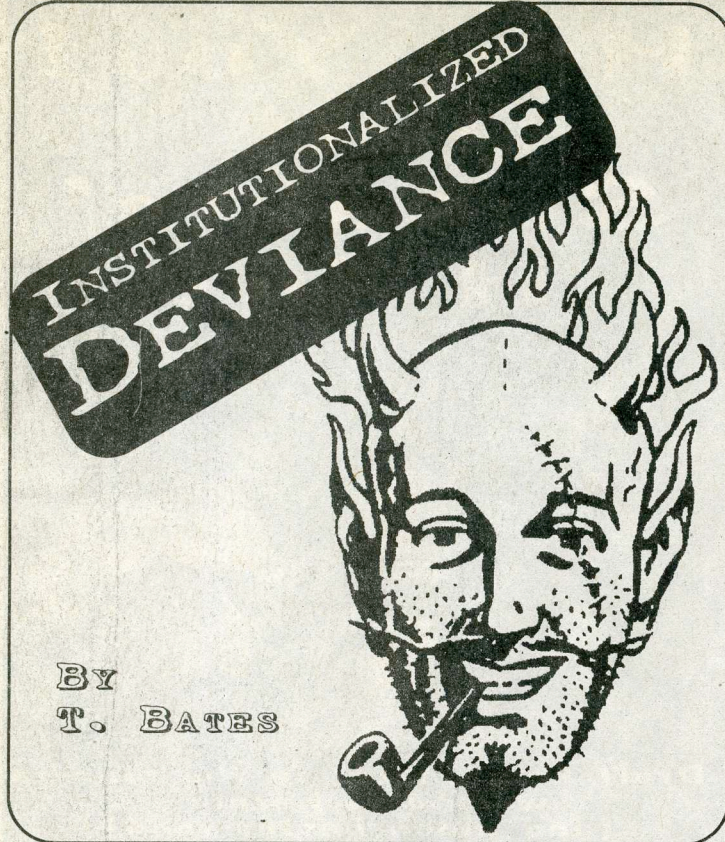
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By
T. BATES

In the early 1860's the Federal Government dispatched troops to Utah to quell a so-called Mormon rebellion. Led by Patrick Conner, 750 troops established Fort Douglas in the foothills above Salt Lake City. By pointing his cannons directly at Brigham Young's house, Conner was soon able to establish a dialogue with the Church leader and convince him that the practice of polygamy and the proposed State of Deseret, which spanned most of the western portion of what is currently

the United States, was not acceptable to most Americans at the time. Go figure. Not since then have the opinions of Utahns and those of mainstream America seemed so far apart. A quick perusal of The Salt Lake Tribune provides ample evidence to this effect. Take, for example, a recent article where a local legislator suggested that it might be time for Utah to consider legalizing polygamy. He reasoned that the law was unenforceable and made criminals of otherwise law

abiding citizens and, therefore, should be erased from the books. Never mind that the prohibition of polygamy was a major precondition to statehood way back then. Who cares about the recent reports of domestic and sexual abuse in polygamist families already living in and around Utah? Let's just hope that this legislator is willing to apply that same logic to other areas of social concern such as gambling, prostitution, and the legalization of marijuana. In for a penny. In for a pound. That's what I say.

In other bizarre local news, a convicted child molester from Cache County was nearly sent on a two year L.D.S. mission in Chile before church authorities were prompted to stop the assignment by the victim's father. According to the article, the church would not go into any details regarding this man's assignment. However, the victim's father charged that the proper research and procedures were not followed, which allowed the man's mission application to be approved. It is known that the man's stake president supported his application. What is not known is whether any of the people involved in putting the victim and her family in this obviously distressing situation supported the impeachment of President Clinton for having consensual sexual relations with an adult, and if so, whether they would have changed their perspective if Monica Lewinski had been a little bit younger. Say 12 or 15 years. Personally, I would like to see this guy sent to Chile.

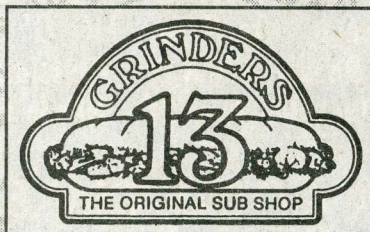
Finally, Larry Peterman, the former owner of Movie Buffs was acquitted of distributing pornography. His acquittal came after a two

and a half-year legal battle with Utah County in which he lost his wife, business, and reputation. The charges stemmed from an October 1996 incident in which an American Fork resident found her son playing in the adult section of a Movie Buffs store in Lehi. Rather than confronting the store manager or simply taking responsibility for the fact she had let her son wander off, the woman contacted the police. This led to a raid of the chain's two Utah County businesses, which touched off the whole Orwellian affair. Thank goodness that the Utah County prosecutors are here to save us from ourselves. One can only imagine Mr. Peterman's satisfaction in successfully defending the First Amendment, as he is now confronted with the task of putting his life back together and paying the legal fees. Perhaps we should have laws regarding the proper supervision of small children to prevent this kind of thing from happening in the future. At the very least there should be a law against being an idiot and making others pay for it. I think Mr. Peterman should sue this woman for negligence. After all, it was her incompetent parenting that ruined his life.

—T. Bates

"The Best Subs in the State"

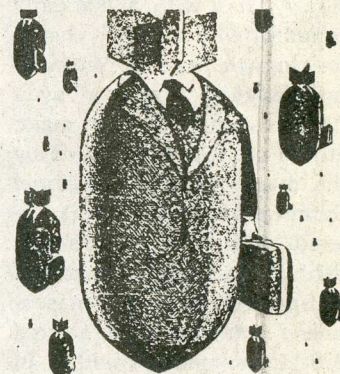
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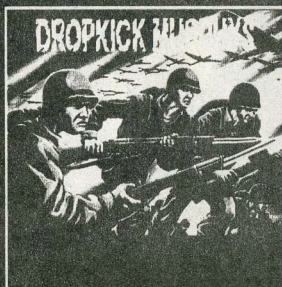
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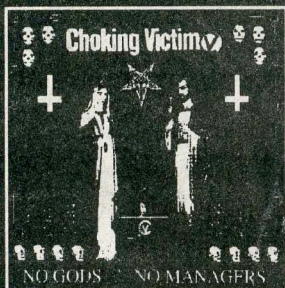


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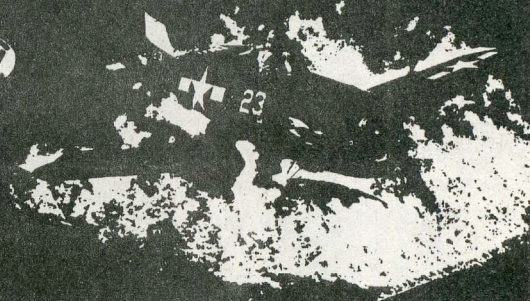


THE GANG'S ALL HERE



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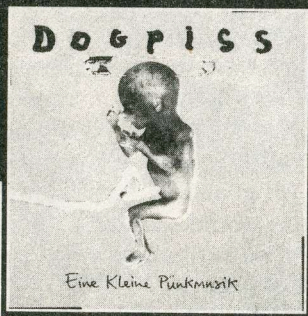
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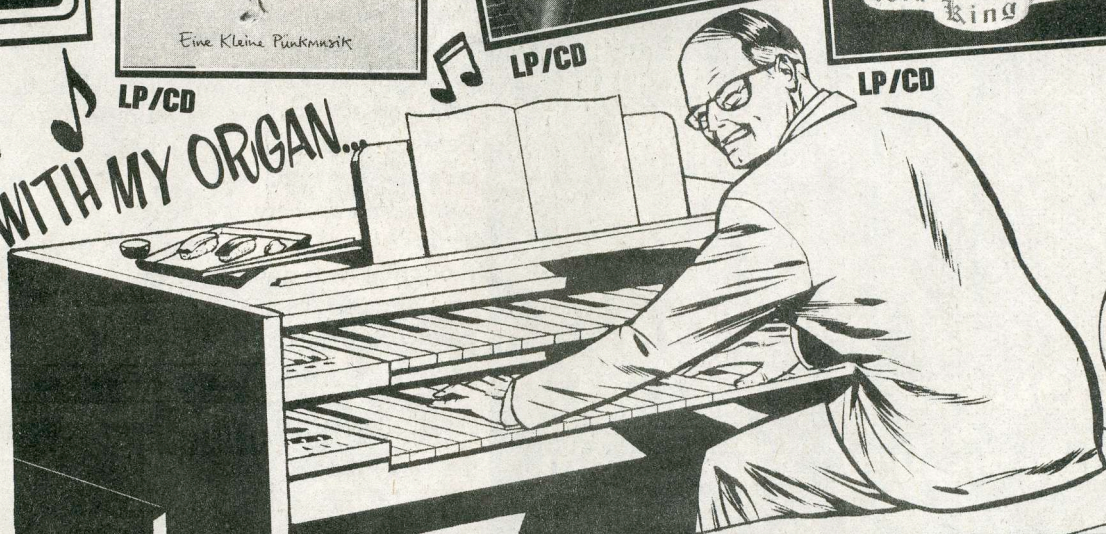


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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

PETER KUTEN

"MONSTER OF DUSSELDORF"

In His own words Peter Kuten aspired to become the most celebrated criminal of all time. He didn't quite make it to His hero Jack the Ripper's status. Even though Pete fell short of His goal, He can lay a claim to one distinction, in a century that has produced a slew of sick fuckers, in the eyes of many criminologists Ol' Pete's crimes

not incest, but bestiality. Pete had a neighbor who worked as a dog catcher, He taught Pete the joys of masturbating and torturing animals. Between the ages of 13 and 15, he committed countless acts of bestiality with pigs, goats, sheep, and just about any other animal that was close. Pete really enjoyed stabbing animals while he had sex with there

are the most appalling of all.

The house Pete grew up in (a single room that housed ten people) was a little shack-o-sin.

His father used to get piss drunk and force himself on the wife in full view of the rest of the family. Once Pete's father was jailed for raping his 13 year old daughter. Pete like his Father also engaged in sex with his sisters.

Young Peter's favorite pastime was not incest, but bestiality. Pete had a neighbor who worked as a dog catcher, He taught Pete the joys of masturbating and torturing animals. Between the ages of 13 and 15, he committed countless acts of bestiality with pigs, goats, sheep, and just about any other animal that was close. Pete really enjoyed stabbing animals while he had sex with there

corpse. Another favored hobby of Pete's was torching building, so he could watch and jerk off.

In his mid-teens Pete was arrested and jailed for thievery. It would be the first of many prison sentences.

All in all Mr. Curtain would spend more then half of his life behind bars. Between the years of 1900 and 1928, when Pete was not incarcerated he may have committed as many as three murders, though he was not officially convicted they were believed to be his handy work.

Peter was married in 1921, he won the lucky lady's heart, by threatening to kill her if she

refused. For some strange reason she never knew that she was married to a monster.

Pete earned the nickname "Monster of Dusseldorf" in 1929 when in a ten month spree of carnage Ol' Pete tortured and murdered 29 people, it came to and end with the strangling and murder of a five year old girl named Gertrude Alberman.

Now like I mentioned above Pete had a hero who was Jack the Ripper, and to emulate his idol He sent a taunting letter to the Police. He revealed where the remains of little Gertrude was stashed, as well as the remains of other victims. One of the bodies belonged to a maid that Pete stabbed more then twenty times, and then had sex with the lifeless corpse.

For almost a year many of the citizen of Dusseldorf lived in terror. The Police tried everything questioning more then a thousand suspects. Peter made himself very hard to track, He didn't prey on a certain type of victim. (i.e. age, sex hair color, etc...) Pete just liked to kill, also he never used the same weapon. Axes, knives, scissors, hammers, even his bare hands where all used as weapons.

For some reason in May of 1930, Pete let one of his victims go after trying to rape her. Less than three days later Pete Kurten was in Police custody. While under arrest Pete confessed to everything, the rape, torture, and murder. These things the police knew, but Peter confessed to something the authorities did not know. Pete liked to drink His victims blood. Yep good Ol' Pete was a vampire.(at least he thought so).

Well all this was a little hard to stomach for the town folk of Dusseldorf, Germany. After a quick trial, Peter was scheduled to be executed. When he was told the outcome of the verdict, all Peter had to say was " After my head has been chopped off, will I still be able to hear at least for a moment the sound of my own blood gushing from the stump of my neck? That would be the pleasure to end all pleasures."

No one will ever know if Pete got his wish.

—Kent Clari



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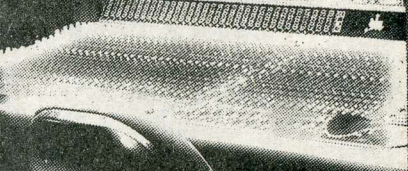
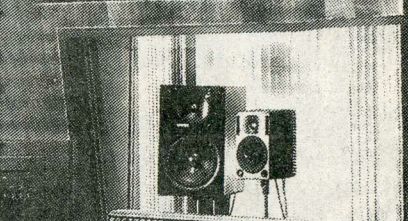
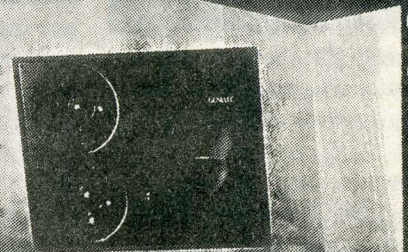
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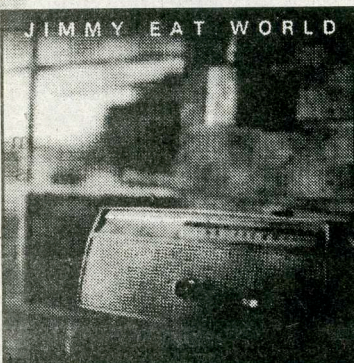
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CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

Jimmy Eat World
Clarity / Capitol



Jimmy Eat World is a four-piece from our neighboring state of Arizona, Mesa to be exact. Alternative rock, much better than the normal four pieces. Some would say that it fits into the 'emo-core' category. I'm not gonna label, I'll just tell you I think it's good stuff.

Sad, sappy songs combined with strong melodies and good pop rock. Reminds me of the Connells at times and Vanilla Trainwreck at other times. Always good. Sometimes they rock, like on "Your New Aesthetic" and the title track. Other times they turn in sad ballads like "A Sunday," where the singer realizes that his wishes in a relationship won't ever come true. On "12.23.95," he's left his babe all alone for the holidays. Why? Because men are dogs. He tells her, "I didn't mean to leave you hanging on, all alone. Merry Christmas."

They also released a self-titled EP at the end of last year. A five track disc that had three of the songs ending

up on Clarity, "Lucky Denver Mint," "For Me This is Heaven" and a demo of "Your New Aesthetic." The last one is a slower version of the rockin' song on the full-length. The final two tracks are "Softer" and "Roller Queen." On the song "Roller Queen," he is asking his roller-girl crush, possibly Heather Graham "how 'bout once around?" Excellent CD and EP for this band. If you haven't heard the band, they're worth a listen. Give the EP a chance first. You'll probably end up picking up both of them.

—T.R.

Natacha Atlas-Gedida- *Beggar's Banquet*

Beggar's Banquet is doing everything so right that I am going to ask them for a job. Janitorial positions fine. The last 10 CD's that have come out of this little-label-that-could have been excellent. Here's one that is not an exception. East (Middle) meets West (drum 'n' bass) in an album that has no low point. Think Sheila Chandra, Ofra Haza and an occasional Danielle Dax. "The Righteous Path" is a disco-tized Spaghetti Western theme. Good all the way through.

—Nelly

Trinket / RCA

Swaggering, snotty, Fresh n Fancy/glam/androgyny, a slight punk influence and anthemic choruses with arena aspirations. Not shitty, but not the shit. One listen was enough for me, thanks.

—Randy Harward

Underworld-Beaucoup Fish- *JBO/V2*

Underworld was originally Freur, the band with the worst hair EVER. Remember the hit "Doot Doot" and the bad crimped hair? Well, I do,

sorry to say. I liked the song, but then a few years later, they did a horrible song, their first as Underworld, "Underneath the Radar." Then, a couple years back, got big with their inclusion on the *Trainspotting* soundtrack, "Born Slippy." They finally found a listenable style, a nice mix of house, ambient, breakbeats and experimental. Here, they're doing the same. The annoying and monotonous "Shudder/King of Snakes" is a highlight.

—T.R.

The Freddy Jones Band *A Mile High Live* Capricorn

I have yet to hear a studio album by the Freddy Jones Band that I was entirely satisfied with. Not that they weren't without inspired moments, they just didn't speak to me as a whole. That said, thank God that Capricorn has finally released a live album by the Freddy Jones Band. A live band is a live band and the studio is much too limiting for a band of this caliber. All of the radio songs (Waitress, One World, In a Daydream) are here in extended versions. Highlights are In a Daydream and Mystic Buzz. Good stuff.

—Newman

Prodigy Present The *Dirtchamber Sessions* Volume One With Liam Howlett-Beggar's Banquet-

Liam Howlett of the band Prodigy shows off the DJ skills that he had long before "Smack My Bitch Up" was a humalong hit in the nuclear households of America. On this album, he mixes about 50 songs into about 50 minutes on eight different tracks. On track 4, KLF, Meat Beat Manifesto, Public Enemy and the Beastie Boys are mixed together. On my favorite

track, number 6, Primal Scream, the Beastie Boys and Barry White are mixed together. This is good shit.

—Q Hamps

The Flatirons / Prayer Bones *Checkered Past*

Portland, Oregon's The Flatirons are comprised of the best qualities found in artists such as Sarah McLachlan, 10,000 Maniacs, Kelly Hogan and Son Volt. The only band that could pull off a cover of Ozzy Osbourne's Crazy Train without looking foolish. Wendy Pate's vocals are soothingly sensual. Heaven Help You and So Lonesome create the illusion that you are seated in a smoky bar and grill somewhere in Texas and are about to have uninhibited, unprotected, FREE sex. Or it's just this recurring fantasy obscuring my objectivity. Nah. These songs are arousing me.

—Hank

Underwater-I Could Lose- *Risk Records-*

Mellow, sometimes close to ambient-sounding electronica with female vocal. Melissa Mileski cites her influences as Annie Lennox, Sinéad O'Connor, Beth Orton and Thom Yorke and sounds a lot like Tori Amos. Produced by Chris Vrenna from Nine Inch Nails, the album is very peaceful with a very subtle beat in the background. Instantly memorable. Something you want to listen to over and over. My favorites here are "I've Been Thinking Lately That It's Just Me" and "The Music" which samples my favorite band 16 Horsepower's "American Wheeze."

—T.R.

Terry Callier / Timepeace *Verve*

Terry Callier was a stand-out in the coffeehouse jazz-

folk scene during the late sixties/early seventies until he dropped out of sight. Timepeace is his much-heralded return to recorded music and it is simply one of the very best albums ever recorded. Jazz and folk are represented here in addition to R&B and soul. The album's second track, Lazarus Man, is an eight-minute encounter with the man Jesus resurrected centuries after the fact. Callier tells the story of a face-to-face encounter between Lazarus and a man he happened to bump into. The music is haunting and spine chilling, but simultaneously beautiful. Some of the best lines in the song have Lazarus telling the man "I got nothin but time; I'm Lazarus, man" and later, "I've been from Nazareth to High Barbary/and I realized there's no rest for me/I've been out on the desert/I've

been out on the depp/but since he bid me to rise, I ain't been to sleep. Other standouts on Timepeace include the melodic "Keep Your Heart Right" and the slow danceable "Coyote Moon" The album as a whole is a pleasing listen and should really be heard in its entirety to be appreciated.

—Randy Harward

Cassius-1999-Astralwerks-

Cassius is actually two guys, known as Boombass and Phillippe Zdar, known for their work with MC Solaar, Motorbass or La Funk Mob. It's techno-house type stuff with a lot of funk and hip hop influence. On the remix of the title track, they find themselves right next to what's-his-name shaking their asses throughout the last year of the Millennium. Has its moments.

—Marco

Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons Salt Lake City Holladay Records

Salt Lake City, the latest from former Salt Lakers Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons, is a sort of greatest hits collection. It includes songs from the Butte, Mont. 1879 and Cotton Ep's and five new songs. Standouts are the album's opener, "Welcome to the Other 95% of the World," a look at a junkie's face-to-face confrontation with the reality of sobriety and Salt Lake City, a song that sympathizes with the myriad disenfranchised souls that reside in this oppressive city. This lyric best sums it up: This is the city of vacant looks, questionable Gods and multiple wives/The angel on the temple, he's in a silent way/I've got a feeling he's kind of blue today.

—SLim

Steve Reich-Reich Remixed- Nonesuch-



Now this is something with an interesting premise, the avant garde classical composer Steve Reich getting his pieces remixed by some of today's finest remixers and DJ's. What looks good on paper doesn't always work. However, some of this is great, like Howie B's remix of "Eight Lines" or DJ Spooky's take on "City Life." The Coldcut remix of "Music for

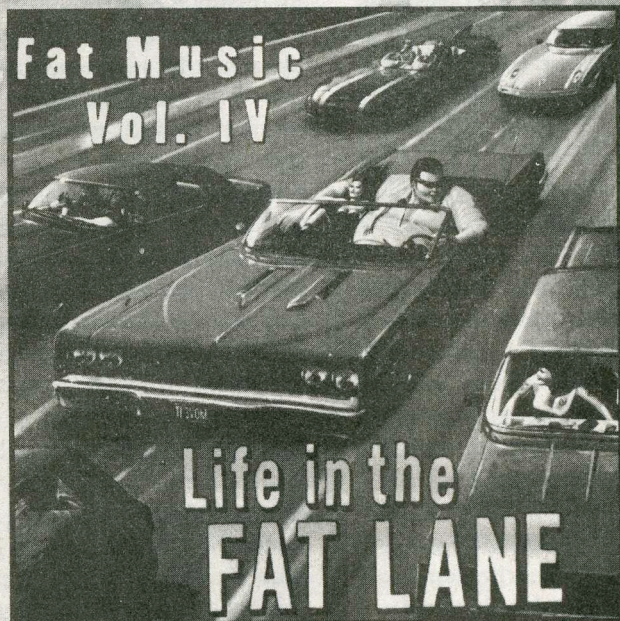
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CD/LP

CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

plays them well.

—Randy Harward

Dave Matthews and Tim Reynolds Live at Luther College Bama Rags/RCA

Dave Matthews and his friend Tim Reynolds have been doing acoustic tours of college campus, for years. Live at Luther College was recorded at CFL Theatre at of course, Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

Easily the best live record I have ever heard, Live at Luther College is one take of one performance by one of the most inventive guitarists and one of the best songwriters that this generation has seen. Tim Reynolds uses a plethora of effects and a seemingly endless cache of ideas to more than compensate for the missing members of the Dave Matthews Band. From playing notes near the bridge of his guitar with a slide to creating 32nd note flurries/loops that rain down on the listeners heads, he asserts himself as an (Ugh) guitar god-in-waiting.

Matthews is content to strum chords and sing his songs for the most part. Of interest is the interplay between the two men. During what is in essence a performance of the Dave Matthews Bands greatest hits circa 1996, Reynolds and Matthews digress musically in the midst of a song; taking the audience on a tangential excursion that resolves itself and eases back into the very place the trip began.

A must for DMB fans and guitar nuts.

—Mr. Fabulous

Family Values Tour '98 Various Artists Immortal/Epic

Well, let's start by saying that the Ice Cube shit is pretty damn good. But, it's only

9 and a half minutes of this album. This too shortened version of "Check Yo Self" is great, as is the N.W.A. medley. I also liked Incubus' version of "New Skin." That's their only track here. The three Orgy tracks are okay and the Rammstein track,



"Du Hast" was a fun reminder of what a bunch of fucking freaks they are live. Me and my buddy have Family Values. We went to see the show, too. We stayed for Ice Cube and Rammstein only.

This CD obviously belongs to Korn. Although six bands are on this disc, one-third of the time belongs to Korn. The "Shot Liver Medley" mixes six of their hits. The other Korn tracks are "Freak on a Leash," "Twist/Chi" and "Got the Life." Because of everything I've just mentioned, 80% of this CD is pretty good. Incubus, Orgy, Ice Cube, Rammstein and Korn all have their moments of greatness and sometimes moments of bland.

The problem with this CD (and the tour) is the inclusion of the worst band ever, Limp Bizkit. What a bunch of assholes!!! Their only original track here, "Cambodia" sucks. House of Pain should sue them for their desecration of "Jump Around." And, a word to Fred, Sam, John, Wes and DJ Fuckstick: Your version of "Faith" is ridiculous. George Michael shits out more talent in park restrooms

than you guys will ever have. Your 15 minutes is almost up. We can't wait.

Next time, stay off of CD's that are otherwise pretty good.

—T.R.

Calobo

Live at the Crystal Ballroom Padre Productions

This Portland, Oregon groove bands first live album is one hell of an effort. I suppose that would go without saying since a band of this type is best in a live setting. Highlights are Put Your Pipe Down Baby, in which vocalist Michelle Van Kleef is unbelievable and Pouring Rain where Calobos songwriting skills share center stage with their improvisational talents.

—Randy Harward

Cake

Prolonging the Magic Capricorn

Inspired. Sardonic without pretense. Actually entertaining after several listens. A winner. Best of 98. Best of Century. Best in my collection. Best in your collection. You don't have it? Fool.

—Don Dee

Burning London-The Clash Tribute / Various Artists Epic

2 tracks devoted to punk's finest. I'll tell you about all of them. The opener is "Hateful" by No Doubt. It's not bad and a decent introduction for the album. Next up, the Urge. Worst song here. They are doing "This is Radio Clash," luckily not one of my favorite Clash songs to begin with, so it was real easy to skip right over. Next up, Ice Cube doing "Should I Stay or Should I Go." This one is pretty good. Instead of being a theme for war, he turns it into a relationship question. He is asking his ho if he should stay or go baby?

"18 Musicians" is also good. My favorite is the track that is 'hidden' on the CD, FreQ Nasty and B.L.I.M.'s remix of "The Desert Music." This CD is actually a little slower on BPM than I would have preferred or anticipated, but, most of it still works somehow. If you are looking for an original idea, look no further. It's right here.

—Wally World

Flat Duo Jets

Lucky Eye

Outpost Recordings

Dexter and Crows first major label offering, just in time to become casualties of the Universal N.W.O. takeover clusterfuck. I can just see it now. Anyway, this is some of what you've come to love from Flat Duo Jets, just under the aegis of a big label. Its surf, its rockabilly, its country, its a whole lotta other stuff, too. What it really is, though, is good.

—Randy Harward

Fun Lovin Criminals

100% Colombian

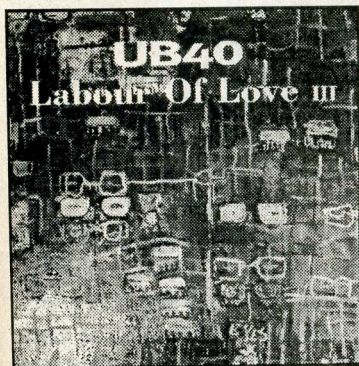
Virgin

Fun Lovin Criminals go from smooth, almost new-jack stylings (Up On the Hill, Love Unlimited) to funky and guitar-driven sing-alongs (Korean Bodega, reminiscent of Ace Frehleys New York Groove and 10th Street).

A band that could easily settle into the trite, fence straddling white boy rap-rock thing does the opposite and writes good songs and

Rancid is the perfect band for a Clash tribute. "Cheat" is the song. It's probably the best version here. Immediately following that, Third Eye Blind destroys "Train in Vain." Now we're on Number 6, don't laugh. It's the Indigo Girls. They are doing "Clampdown." Know what? It actually works. "Rudie Can't Fail" is done in a fairly decent version by the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. I can't tell you that 311's version of "White Man in Hammersmith Palais" is good, but I can easily tell you that it's the best thing I've heard by them for sure. Next up, the Afghan Whigs. Greg Dulli once again proves that his shit *doesn't* stink on "Lost in the Supermarket." Cracker's "White Riot" belongs with the Indigo Girls in the 'interesting' category. The track that the album is named after, "London's Burning" tells me that Silverchair is a helluva lot better than they used to be. The final track has Moby on music and Heather Nova on vocals for a ballad version of "Straight to Hell." This one is a keep. This CD is worth owning for four tracks, Ice Cube, Rancid, Afghan Whigs and the Moby with Heather Nova thing.

—a.b.



UB40
LABOUR OF LOVE III
Virgin

Here's a band who's been around for about 20 years.

They have always had a huge fan base in Europe, but in 1988, they hit the states in a big way with Neil Diamond's "Red Red Wine." A number one smash. In 1993, they hit #1 again in a gigantic way with "Can't Help Falling in Love With You." This song was number one for seven weeks and helped prove that apparently the states were pretty fond of UB40's brand of reggae-pop.

Now, they return with **Labour of Love III**. On this series of albums, the UB40 boys do reggae-pop versions of popular songs. The first track is another Neil Diamond song, "Holly Holy." This song is also featured during a very steamy scene in the movie, *EDTV*. Other highlights are "Stay a Little Bit Longer" by Delano Stewart and "The Time Has Come" originally by Slim Smith. There are also covers of Bob Marley and Peter Tosh and a great version of the Paragons' "My Best Girl."

Obviously, UB40 isn't for all tastes. Sometimes I can only take it in short doses. But, the masses love it. And they should love this one.

—Q Hamps

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells / Last Time Around ñ Live at Legends Silvertone

An all-acoustic live album recorded at Buddy Guy's own club marks the last recorded performance by blues harpist/vocalist Junior Wells before his passing. The performance could have taken place on a back porch in Mississippi when no one was present and that is part of the magic that these two men created when they performed together. Guy and Wells trade off on vocals throughout the show, which includes predominantly blues standards

and only one Buddy Guy original. My compliments to Silvertone for not capitalizing on Junior's death by releasing this immediately after the fact.

—Randy Harward

Bottle Rockets Leftovers Doolittle Records

Leftovers (read: B-sides) are never as good as when the night/week before. Here is an exception. I would gladly urinate on most collections of B-sides and rarities, etc. I will spare this one. The Bottle Rockets are purely one of the best of the No Depression/Alt-country? Blah, Blah movement bands and that says a lot, since these bands are actually some of the best, period. Get Down River and Coffee Monkey are examples of the duality of the Bottle Rockets. The former demonstrates their latent poignancy and the latter is three minutes of the Bottle Rockets trademark humor. A meal in itself.

—Raynard

Big Dave and the Ultrasonics Burnside Records

Jump blues has never been so jumpin. Ann Arbor, Michigan's Big Dave and the Ultrasonics know how to boogie and how to make you wanna boogie too. And I just have to say that I never want to boogie. This booty wasn't made for shakin and if I were an asshole, I'd sue Big Dave and the Ultrasonics for making me dance like a fool. Even alone in my house I felt like an ass. Anyway, She's the King starts things off jumpin and Big Dave and Co. keep it up for the remaining fourteen tracks. Bandleader Big Dave Steele has a smoky voice and a smokin guitar style. Big Dave 2, Dave Morris whoops some ass on harmonica (see

Back in the Hot Seat) and handles the vocal chores, singing in Espanol on Escuchame.

I can't write anymore. I just noticed the photo in the CD sleeve where the band is eating the most scrumptious looking sandwiches I have ever seen and I'm starving. Just do yourself a favor and get this disc. You'll be happy you did. I'm going to get a sandwich.

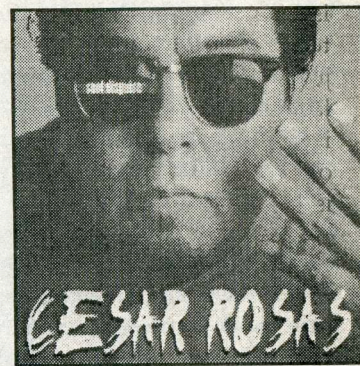
—D Wrath

Armchair Martian Hang On, Ted Headhunter/Cargo

Bob Mould french kissing Nash Kato from Urge Overkill. I've gone on the record saying that I hate punk before and I must say that I've heard this four times already and I still like it. Does that tell you anything? Wish I'd caught them at the Cow with Agent Orange. Fuck.

—Randy Harward

Cesar Rosas Soul Disguise / Rykodisc



Los Lobos' little man with the sunglasses releases his first solo album.

An apparent return back to the L.A. roots Latin Rock of early (and great) Los Lobos. The best songs here are *Little Heaven*, *Soul Disguise* and the remake of the Ike Turner burner "You've Got To Lose". Ike knew all about losing.

Cesar only knows about writing good songs...

—Maxx



PIG BOY

Short Snorts

10...this means it gave me wood, baby

0...this means it made the little guy get a little littler, you know, flaccid and stuff

1-9...can you fucking dumbasses figure things out for yourselves?

ICE-BAD BLOOD—A band that mixes live instruments with synthesizers, turntables, drum loops and samples. A so, an occasional rap. Spooky, weird and a little on the hard side. The two main members are Kevin Martin of Candlebox and my favorite fucking freak Justin Broadrick of Godflesh. 'nuff said. Give this close to an 8.

STATIC-X-WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP—Another album that mixes live instruments with programming. Not an original idea. Who cares? I'm not going to go into a lot of detail, I'll just tell you that if you like Ministry, this will make your panties wet. My panties ain't wet. 6.

RADIO HOUR 491-WORLD'S WORST ANTENNA—Jangly, catchy pop music some hard, some soft, sometimes reminiscent of the Connells. Highlights are

This is not one of his classics. Which basically means there's plenty of good and plenty of bad. On one of the highlights, "Philosopher's Stone," he is driving around the countryside looking for a home. On "In the Midnight," he needs some lovin'. I know how he feels. Give Van a 6 and a half.

EMINEM-THE SLIM SHADY LP—The return of Dr. Dre only this time it's with a white boy. You can feel Dre's presence because you know how well he can write a hook. Half of this album can't leave your head for a while. Sometimes that's a good thing, like on "Just Don't Give a Fuck" or "Still Don't Give a Fuck." The good news—it's better than the "My Name is..." song. The bad news—not much. But, I'd give it close to a 7.

STEVE EARLE AND THE DEL MCCOURY BAND-THE MOUNTAIN—Steve, Del and the boys do a full-on bluegrass tribute to Bill Monroe and His Bluegrass Boys. How is it? It's a helluva lot better than Steve's last two albums where he attempted to become a rock 'n' roll superstar. Stick with the country and bluegrass Steve. You obviously enjoy it more. The whole thing is good,

but I really like "Yours Forever Blue," "I'm Still in Love With You" and "Dixieland." These guys get close to a 9.

CITIZEN KING-MOBILE ESTATES—After hearing "Better Days," I had an idea how bad it would be. Unfortunately, I was correct. Boring. Unoriginal. Bad hair

day. These are just a few things I can think of to describe to you how awful they are. For some reason, though, I really liked "Safety Pin." I thought it was fun. But, CK gets a 4.

KID ROCK-DEVIL WITHOUT A CAUSE—The good news: it's not as bad as Citizen King. The bad news: it's not much better. Let me tell all of you kiddies in kiddie-land a sure-fire way that you can tell an album probably isn't very good. It's if the band or artist (loosely used here) has a stupid hat on and a cigar hanging out of his mouth. Never has there been an album that was good that the artist did that. Find me one and I'll buy the first three shots of Jack Daniels as well as treat you to a movie at Brewvie's afterwards. Oh, yeah, the music.

It's silly, but not as silly as above. Give KR a 5 and a half.

SILVERCHAIR-NEON BALLROOM—Wow. I heard these guys had gotten better, babiez all grownz up now. From the first track, I believed. "Emotional Sickness" is the song and not only do I like the vocal, but the piano bit by David "Shine" Helfgott is also great. But, that track is just one of the highlights here. If I did the snorts column based solely on improvement, Silverchair would get a big fat 10. Otherwise, this gets a 9.

3 COLOURS RED-REVOLT—Another band that is anxious to get in on the Radiohead, quirky-pop bandwagon. Add these guys to the list with Sparklehorse, Swimmer and Unbelievable Truth. Weird, Brit-pop with memorable melodies, lyrics that make absolutely no sense, grunge, ballads, you know—you've heard it all before. This one's growing on me. Give them a 7 for effort.

JOEY MCINTYRE-STAY THE SAME—baby nktb makes good for himself. This reminds me of another guy who was in a bubblegum pop band. Someone who achieved fame on his way to a jail cell. But, seriously, Joey's a decent vocalist, but this CD is a little too Urban AC and ballady for me. As long as he goes into public restrooms strictly for the business of urinating, we'll give Joey a 7....

Until next time, we'll see you fat bitches in the mud!!!!

—Pigboy

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Biz Markie



Somethin' in Utah we've never heard before Biz MARKIE and Doug E. Fresh bangin' on our door.

The National Brotherhood of Skiers let 'em in, needing someone to beat box, rhyme, and spin.

The NBS is an association of black skiers from around the nation.

When it comes to apres ski they know how to start the party, with Doug E. Fresh and Biz MARKIE.

Doug E. and Biz have been rhyming since back in the day. You know they still got somethin' to say. For many years from the north to the south they been makin' the music with their mouths.

That week Biz put down the mic and rocked the turntables all through the night. They rocked Park City, Solitude, and Snowbird.

And definitely had me saying...WORD.

With the Tanqueray flowin' through every song the party kept goin' all week long.

The grand finale was Friday night at the Salt Palace. Not in Cali and not in Dallas. The house was brought down with the crazy, dope, jiggy, funk sound. Mad props to Biz MARKIE and Doug E. Fresh for slamming Utah with what they do best.

That wasn't the last time you'll hear them, here or there.

Some new records are on the way, so ya best beware.

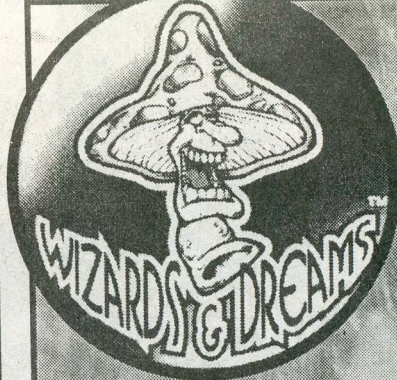
—Scout & Velvet



Doug E. Fresh

Shout Outs: NBS, Fatso, Monty, Biz, Doug E., Dj Dee Whiz, Tanqueray Crew,

Eric B., Rakim, Gang Starr, Jeru, Beastie Boys, Roots, Jay Z, BDP, Peanut butter wolf, Masta Ace, Aceyalone and Freestyle Fellowship, Saul Williams, Run DMC, De La Soul, JB's, Prince Paul, Common, PE, Mc Shan, Big Daddy Kane, Marley Marl, Kool Keith, Mix Master Mike, Q-bert, Shortcut, Cut Chemist, J5, J Rocc, Fat Boys, Rob Swift, Lauren Hill, Pras, Wyclef, John Forte, Spoonie G., Schedy D, Kool Moe Dee, Whodini, Kurtis Blow, Meth, Raekwon, Gostface, Cappadona, Genius, RZA, Inspekta, Deck, Styles of Beyond, Rawkus, Company Flow, Mos Def, Kweli, Illadelph slim, and Pauly Mack.



THE COUNTER CULTURE CONNECTION

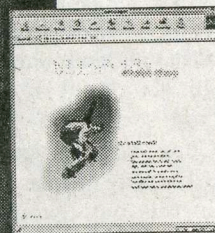
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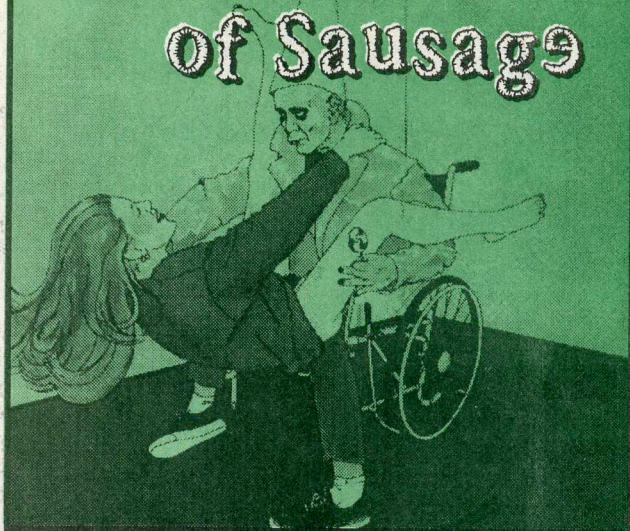
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Seven Inches of Sausage



Fortune and Maltese and the
Phabulous Pallbearers
gethip Records

two....I'm not going to listen to
it I am afraid of the retro scene.

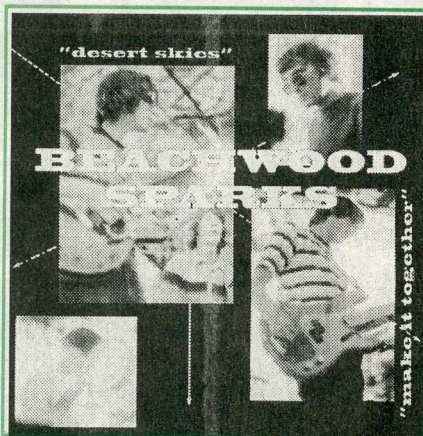
The Henchmen gethip Records

O.K. This is pissing
me off. More rehash. This
is surfin beach a go go
crap. In the fifties I bet
this would groove, in the
sixties even too. All in all I
have to say that although
these young men have
there musicianship down
they don't have a style
they didn't steal. If I were
a member of the

Kingsmen or whoever I'd
beat the crap out of them,
They'd be my bitches for cop-
ping a style of my life. But hey
some people call me bitter.

Beachwood Sparks Bomp

Didn't Bomp release the
Lemonheads? Hell is the wave



The Volcanoes gethip Records

See last review. This has
more of a Chuck berry influ-
ence to it. "Wine, Wine, Wine
has got Elvisy overtones think
jail house rock you know pre
fat Elvis. Girls Girls Girls side

of crap I got to review this
month. Retro....fuckin thievery
if you ask me. I think these
guys sound like the Partridge
Family . Or the Monkees.
Fuck I don't know. I review
CONTEMPORARY music
with some sort of musical
progression not regression.
This Lenny Kravtzz rippin
off old shit ain't my bag
au tea.

Dave Allen and the Arrows

Total Energy Records
NO NO NO NO NO!!!
Peddle your 70's theme
songs elsewhere.

The Boom (pow wow)/The Sorts(style aesthete) Big Top Records

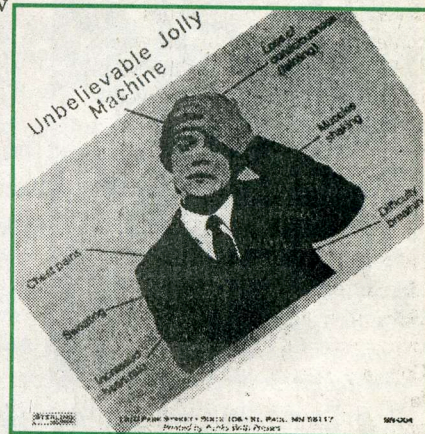
I've heard mixed things
about the Boom. On the one
hand I had high hopes because



it has members of Hoover and
June of 44, but I also heard it
was not like those bands at all
and that live they didn't quite
possess the energy they have in
their other bands. Well the
Boom and The Sorts share
some members too and
while I liked the song "pow
wow" it didn't give me that
sense of prowess I know
they possess. The song by
the Sorts...I liked it, it was a
kinda creeper jazz song but
the voids they had were
held strong by the solid
rhythm section...
Jazz and a dash of math-
rock...nice stuff.

Supermodel/Unbelievable Jolly Machine Sterling Records

Well, Well, Well, my liebchen
you compare your supermodel



self to the Jesus Lizard. BLAS-
PHEMERS!!! Actually there is a
bit of JL influence in this
record. But I hear more Black
Flag and Hole...I hear Hole in
the choruses of both songs, but,
It's a good record nonetheless.
Here is a prime example of
why split sevens are bad as a
piece to review it's not long
enough for me to get a real
sense of what these guys are
like, they could be great...they
could suck. But they put
some work in and that's what
counts. I don't want to tell
you how hard it is for a band
to pick two songs from songs
they play all the time for a big
release its a lot of pressure and
sometimes the decision is
made off the cuff...this might
be there crown jewels but I
would say wait and see what
they put out. Now do you
think I hate every band? Well I
don't UJM(unbelievable jolly
machine) are incredible. It's
got an early meats puppets feel
to it musically(lyrically these
guys surpass early meat pup-
pets but hey who doesn't). I
would like to have heard a bet-
ter quality recording to hear
some punch in the crunchy
bits. Hopefully I can still get a
chance and these guys will stay
together. This record gets two
thumbs up ...one from the fat
guy and one from the Dead
Guy.

—Sausage King

ASSLOADS OF VITAL RE-ISSUES

Courtesy of Rykodisc, Razor and Tie, Sony and Snapper etc.

Over the course of the last year several important re-issues have come out, with more on the way.

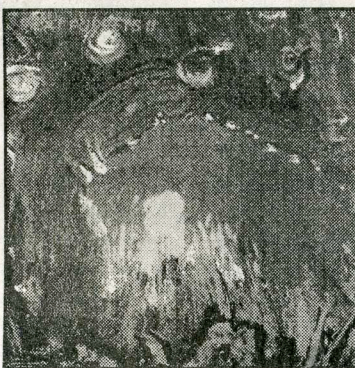
I'll start off by telling the MOST interesting of this lot, as well as good shit, the Meat Puppets re-issues. Got Meat? Now's the time to get meat. Of these first two, one is not actually a re-issue, **Live in Montana**. This is the first time it's been available. Recorded at two

Montana dates in 1988, it contains two of Kurt Cobain's personal faves, "Plateau" and "Lake of Fire." Another highlight is a rather sloppy medley of "The Small Hours," "Paranoid" and "Sweet Leaf." A rather important addition to your

Meat collection. On their debut, they do a very sloppy punk rock with an occasional twang. The debut also contains the **In a Car** EP, first time available on CD. All the tracks from that, "Dolphin Field," "Out in the Gardener," and three others are all here. The first disc also has 13 more bonus tracks. Essential for your collection. But, my personal fave is **II**, the Puppets second album that still had a punk

rock attitude, only they decided to go country. "Lost" IS the best country song ever by a rock band. One of the seven bonus tracks on this is the demo of that same song. "Lost" has one of the standard country themes-you know-you fucked me

and then you left me. "I know there'll come a day when you say that you don't know me," he whines. Great stuff. Probably Kurt Cobain's personal favorite album. Buy it and you'll know why Nirvana covered so much of this live. On the next album, **Up on the Sun**, they sound as tight as the Meat boys ever could (not very), and the album sounds like a product of listening to the Byrds just a little too much. It's a fairly coherent album and a classic.



Razor and Tie also does re-release work on several gems. One of the most important ones here is the Brian Setzer album, **The Knife Feels Like Justice**. R & T jumped on the Grammy bandwagon and lo and behold, this one came right out. This is a really good album, but it's more in the Springsteen vein. Those of you expecting Setzer's current swing style or even the rockabilly of the Stray Cats, be forewarned: This ain't that. That isn't to say that it's not good, because it's great. **Transformation** is another R & T re-release and a 'best-of' for Nona Hendryx. So, you're saying,

"who in the fuck is Nona Hendryx?" A disco diva that joined Labelle at the age of 16. She was around for their HUGE smash, "Lady Marmalade." That song, for some reason, is not included. Oh well, lot's of other

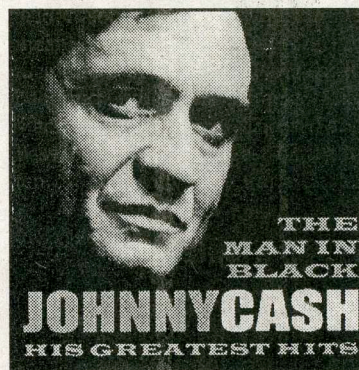
good stuff, like "I Sweat (Going Through the Motions)," the song that John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis groove their tight asses to in the movie "Perfect." Over the years, she has worked with Peter Gabriel, Tina Weymouth, Yoko Ono and Bill Laswell. She's never really "made it," but can still be found on a lot of important albums. Here, she gets a 16 track CD, with almost 80 minutes so you can get acquainted.

Next up, Kim Carnes' **Mistaken Identity**. It's been about 17 years, and as far as I'm concerned, "Bette Davis Eyes" has not lost it's charm. The title track and "Draw of the Cards" are also quite good. On the R & T version, we get six

bonus tracks, all of which were hits for Carnes. "Voyeur," "Invisible Hands," "Crazy in the Night," "I Pretend," "More Love" and "Don't Fall in Love With a Dreamer" are all included. Now, if only they would re-release my personal guilty pleasure, **Voyeur**.

Fuck all of you that find that humorous. Also, since Blondie is back, it's time to cash in on them, too. Debbie Harry's solo **KooKoo** gets a re-release finally. Debbie

loses a lot of her punk appeal on this album, and unfortunately, this means that she loses a lot of her charm as well. She goes for a Chic sounding pop album courtesy of Chic's Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards. Sometimes it works, like on "Backfired" and "Military Rap."



Sometimes it don't. A bonus track is a dance version of "Backfired." It's pretty good. Also, early last year, EMD got a head start on the Blondie bandwagon by releasing **Picture This**, a live album recorded at various '78 and '80 dates.

Surprisingly good versions of songs like "Hanging on the Telephone," "Sunday Girl" and



"One Way or Another." "Heart of Glass" is the only real weak link here. But, who cares? If you live to be 90, will you ever need to hear that again?

On **The Man in Black**, Sony once again cashes in on the timeless music of Johnny Cash. He'll always be popular. Two hundred years from now, the historians will be talking about Johnny, not John and Paul or Garth. On this 2-CD set, we have 30 tracks and almost 90 minutes. This is like a smaller, better priced version of the box set, **The Essential Johnny Cash**. That box definitely needs to be in your collection sometime soon. But, in the meantime, the two disc set is a very nice filler. There is NOT a loser to be found of these thirty tracks. Like "Jackson?" It's here. "Daddy Sang Bass?" Ditto. His biggest hit, written by his lovely wife, June Carter

Cash, "King of Fire?" Also here. Four tracks that aren't found on the 75 track, three-disc box are available on this one. "There Ain't No Good Chain Gang," with Waylon Jennings, "Girl From the North Country," with Bob Dylan, "Highwayman," with Jennings, Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson and a solo outing, "A Thing Called Love." Excellent.

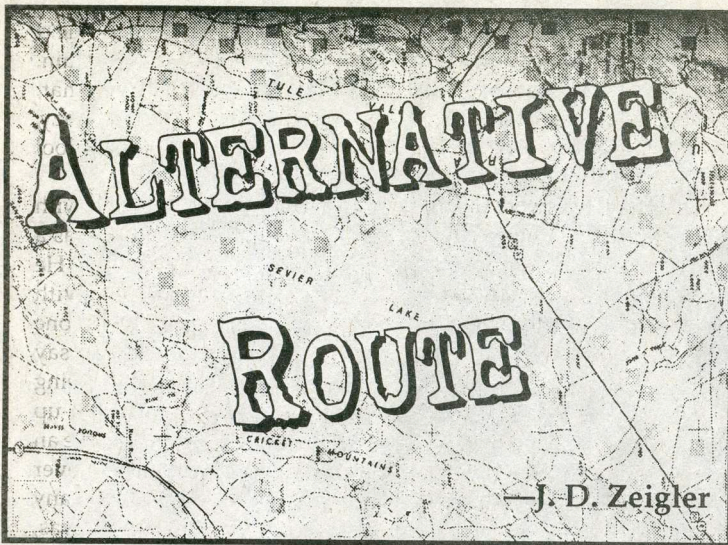
Also, from Koch, first time on CD in the states, comes **Johnny 99**, an album originally released in 1983. An essential for Springsteen fans because he covers the title track (written by Bruce), and also covers his "Highway Patrolman." Great versions of both. This album is real dark for Johnny, just like Springsteen's own "Nebraska." An album that won't appeal to everyone, but necessary for collectors.

The Very Best of Willie Nelson is like the Cash "Man in Black" album. Two discs, 30 tracks, all the best stuff. All of Willie's smashes are here, "Always on My Mind," "On the Road Again," "All of Me" and "Blue Skies." Several of the hits/duets with his recording and drinking buddies are included. Leon Russell, Dolly Parton, Merle Haggard, Julio Iglesias, Waylon Jennings and Tracy Nelson are the artists who sing alongside Willie.

Also, on the re-issue front, some of the old Pretty Things albums have been re-released. As far as I know, the first time ever on CD.

The Pretty Things did a psychedelic, rocknroll and R & B mix, sometimes similar to the Rolling Stones. This probably has to do with the fact that the Things' founder was Dick Taylor, one of the original Stones. Their first three albums are now on disc with bonus tracks, the self-titled debut, **Get the Picture** and **Emotions**. Also, **S.F. Sorrow**, possibly the first rock-opera written and an album that I'm sure no one ever thought would see the light of day on CD. Snapper are the fine folks releasing all of this. The Things CD's also are all enhanced, so you can watch them do their thing live on your computer. Also, on Snapper, Iggy Pop's **Your Pretty Face is Going to Hell**, an old radio show making it's first appearance on CD. Mick Ronson's first two albums are also making their debut on disc, **Slaughter on 10th Avenue** and **Play Don't Worry**, the former carrying 4 bonus tracks and the latter 9. For those of you missing glam-rock, all of the above are for you.

—T.R.



Alternate Route is being presented in three parts. This is Part Two.

Cowboy's mother used to tell him that it was always the darkest before the dawn. She used this particular cliché every time his dad got yet another DUI. Dawn was the obligatory twelve-step program. Sunset came when his father fell off the wagon, six, three, two, one month down the road. As a child, Cowboy had thought there was truth in the old saying. Dad started drinking again, dark. Dad got arrested, darkest. Dad went on the wagon, dawn. Dark darkest dawn. Dark darkest dawn. It wouldn't be a cliché if it weren't true. But tonight, traveling the abyss of Route 6 with a major load of drugs in the trunk and a large and frightening crazy woman in the front seat next to him, Cowboy thought that things couldn't get any darker even if dawn was still seven hours away.

"Sure is dark, isn't it?" Mary inquired, her face plastered up against the windshield, one pale eye gazing vacantly at the starry sky above, the other cast weirdly sideways, sharp as a pin on Cowboy's face. Involuntarily, he shuddered as if a shadow was passing over his future gravesite. Damn her psychic abilities! She'd spooked him again. There was a long drive and a long night ahead of him and Cowboy knew he'd better lay down the law, put her in her place, and get his bad outlaw mojo working again. "I like the dark," he lied as direfully as he could, hoping to cow her. "Dark nights for dark deeds. I'm

just a darkness kind of guy," he ended lamely.

Without removing her face from the glass, Mary snorted derisively. "Yeah, right! You're the devil's own. Betcha named this stupid car of yours something satanic like, 'Beelzebub', didn't ya?"

Fuck! She wasn't cowed a bit and she was right about Diablo, except that it was a very cool car! Cowboy wished she'd stop acting sane and go back to her word salads. Not wanting to continue a conversation which seemed doomed to accomplish the exact opposite of what he'd intended, he cast about for a way to distract her. He scanned his thoughts and the front seat of the car for an inspiration. His mind yielded no bright ideas, but his eyes spied a Laffy Taffy bar lying near the stick shift. "Mary, honey, there's a candy bar right there. Since you're eating for two now, you ought to have it before your blood sugar drops," he suggested solicitously.

As swift as a snake striking, she peeled her face from the windshield, pressed flesh leaving the glass so fast it made a sound like a length of duck tape being unwound. Cowboy winced. "Where?" she demanded, successfully distracted. "There, near the shift." He nodded at the taffy. Like she hadn't eaten five bars in the last ten miles, like she'd hadn't eaten in days really, Mary pounced on the bar and was soon gnawing furiously

ously on the sticky stuff. "Yummy mummy tummy yummy mummy tummy," she chanted happily whenever she could work her jaws free from the grip of the tar-baby taffy.

Happy chewing kept her occupied and kept Cowboy more or less at peace as they drove past Silver City, the last (once mining, now nearly ghost) town before Route 6 began its lonely journey south through the Sevier Desert to Delta. Away to the west, outside Mary's window, the desert stretched to the horizon, a dark beach edging spangled heaven's shore. Railroad tracks ran parallel to the highway somewhere out there but the faint light of the crescent moon imparted no gleam to the polished steel and no train passed by. The Tintic Mountains rose up from the valley floor on Cowboy's side, blocking out the Milky Way like a strayed nebula. It was an uninteresting landscape in daylight and a dangerous sedative at night, but Cowboy was in no peril of being lulled to sleep by the surrounding monotony. The speed he'd taken earlier was still coursing through his bloodstream and the mad character of his companion had put all his senses on permanent red alert.

In the relative quiet he wondered where she had come from and how she came to be standing there at the side of the road this particular summer night. Shouldn't she be in an insane asylum somewhere? Excluding alcoholism, Cowboy knew nothing about mental illness and he certainly would have never classified his dad as mentally ill even when delirium tremens had its disturbing hold on him. Mary's psychological condition puzzled Cowboy nearly as much as it frightened him. The irrational behavior of others always made him feel like a helpless child. It was not a welcome feeling in the breast of an outlaw such as he, and when he could not avoid another's frightening unpredictability, he dealt with it by unleashing an even more irrational anger of his own. Still, he was curious as to how she got to be that way and what it was like to see the world through her cracked prism.

"Hey, Mary? Can I ask you something... uh, personal?"

Interrupted between "mummy" and "tummy", she ceased her chant, snapped her mouth closed (locking it shut on the taffy) turned avid eyes on Cowboy, and nodded enthusiastically. "Mu muh," she mumbled affirmatively.

"Well, I was wondering how... well, why.... well, where you're from. I mean originally, your family, where you grew up. You know, all that sort of stuff." He couldn't ace the diplomatic, so he practiced the awkward. Mary actually looked surprised. Her eyes dimmed to sanity. She bent to search for something in her backpack. Soon she sat back up, and wordlessly, for her mouth was still trapped shut, handed Cowboy a worn and tattered snapshot.

In the darkness, he couldn't make out the image. It was probably just an old photo she'd grabbed from a trash can anyway. Still, he was curious. Judging correctly that the highway would stay dead straight for the next seventy miles, he wedged his knee against the steering wheel to hold it steady and flipped on the overhead light.

At first Cowboy thought his assumption was right, for the photo was of a young girl, neither beautiful nor ugly, just a normal teenager, with light brown hair and light blue eyes. She was wearing some sort of uniform. Not a cheerleading outfit, he thought. Those were reserved for girls far prettier than this one. No, it was probably something like the Color Guard team, that high school purgatory for cheerleading wannabes. But she looked happy and, if he was honest, she was a no worse looking female specimen than he a male one. Hell, cheerleaders never gave him the time of day anyway.

The snapshot was somewhat faded and the edges were worn as if it had been handled often but respectfully. What meaning did this mundane memento have for crazy Mary? He glanced over at her. She had swallowed the candy and was smiling softly, looking at him with her light

blue eyes. Light blue eyes.

It hit him like a freight train. Of course it was a picture of her! Jesus Christ! What happened? What misfortune, what backstab of fate, could cause such an awful transformation? He understood what made his father see armies of bugs invading his skin - the unaccustomed lack of alcohol in his system. He understood the screaming and the panic that followed. But what could turn the smiling, heart-breakingly normal, girl in the photo into the grotesque woman who sat beside him, the light of madness already returning to her eyes?

Cowboy wanted very badly to know. For if he knew, then he would also know if he was safe from similar affliction, or, failing that assurance, how to defend against it should it ever pursue him. But all he did know, and it made him gulp for air through a fear-constricted throat, was that the terror of the unpredictable, the result of some negligent whim of God, rode in his car with him this night. Incoherent anger at the Almighty and his crazed avatar, Mary, began to form like a fog in Cowboy's mind. He felt himself beginning to lose his grip.

Just then Mary sighed, a quiet, private sigh, one not meant for Cowboy's ears, and oddly, the fog, if not the confusion, lifted from his thoughts. The vast indifference of the universe and the callous damage it caused collapsed into a lost and pathetic young woman who was depending upon the kindness of a stranger.

"Gee, you were kinda pretty," was what he said after all.

"Yeah, I coulda been a con-tender," she replied, eyes filling with tears. "But I had to leave home when I was nineteen. Had to go live in these stupid apartments with a bunch of loonies. They wanted me to be independent or something like that. Didn't want to. Had to."

"Why?"

"Dunno. Had to." Sorrow swam in the cold pools of her eyes, sorrow mixed with a confusion much greater than Cowboy's. Blinking rapidly, she turned from him, curled up into

as tight a fetal position as her size made possible, lay her head on the hard door, and instantly fell asleep. Frozen with fascination and pity, he watched as a spittle of drool made its way out of the corner of her mouth. Never go crazy, Jared, he told himself. Get in a car crash. Get shot. Get cancer even. But never ever go crazy. And never trust that bastard, God. He'd truly made a cold cruel world. Cowboy could feel the temperature drop not two feet from him in spite of the warmth of the summer night.

The dizzy whirling lights of a county sheriff's four-wheeler parked five hundred feet down the highway thawed him soon enough, a veritable Chinook of the soul. At the sight of the blue flashers, adrenaline flooded Cowboy's already overloaded system. It enabled him to perform a magnificent feat of coordination though. He simultaneously shut off the overhead light, retrieved his registration from the glove compartment, shoved the gun under an old rag, and pulled Diablo to a stop in front of the sheriff.

Waiting for the sheriff to walk over, Cowboy sat, license and registration ready in hand, so as to obviate the opening of the incriminating glove compartment, and counted his breaths to slow his pounding pulse. When the man finally loomed into view, Cowboy thought he would damn near have a heart attack, for at first it seemed he was the friendly lawman of Elberta, impossible as that would have been.

"License, registration," the sheriff requested. As Cowboy handed them over he saw, to his relief, that it was not the Elberta sheriff, just another damn John Wayne look-alike. After briefly shining his flashlight on Cowboy and the whole sorry tableau in the front seat of the TransAm, Sheriff Wayne ordered him to "sit tight" while he ran a background check on him. As Cowboy watched the tall, wide-shouldered, narrow-hipped man walk away, he found space in his overcrowded and alarmed mind to marvel at the puny size of the Utah gene pool.

Although he knew his record was as clean as a whistle, him being new to the outlaw business (this run being his cherry popper), Cowboy had to count his breaths again as he waited while the sheriff took his sweet fucking time running the check. Nervousness made him lose his tally time and time again so he was only up to twenty when the sheriff returned. "That your wife?" he asked as he handed Cowboy his documents. "Wife! Why, no sir! I mean not yet... soon though, sir," Cowboy lied, his voice rising to an embarrassingly high and unmacho pitch. Even to his own conceited and deluded ears, he sounded like the Marlboro Boy rather than Man.

The sheriff eyed Mary's comatose bulk. "Better hurry," was his economic advice. Then he stood up dismissively, as if some young man and his knocked-up girlfriend were prey unworthy of a county lawman. "Son, your record's clean. You were going ten miles under the speed limit, and you look like you're in enough trouble already, so I'll let you off with a warning. Don't drive with the overhead on. Keep your hands on the wheel at all times, and marry that girl before her daddy catches up to you." Then he winked broadly and walked back to his cruiser.

With tears of relief stinging his eyes in a very unoutlaw-like way, Cowboy started Diablo and got back on the highway. He couldn't believe his luck. The Lord surely watched over fools and madmen, he thought, forgetting his recent opinion that the Lord was a hardhearted rat bastard. It wouldn't be a cliché if it weren't true. Still, he didn't completely relax until the lights of the sheriff's car disappeared from his rear view mirror.

He set the cruise control at a circumspect speed and glanced at Mary. She was still asleep, her breathing slow and regular, unlike his. He felt winded, like he'd just stolen home in the bottom of the ninth. Wow, man, he'd just gotten away with running thousands of dollars of drugs under a county sheriff's nose! Cool! Whatta rush! He was a real badass. He felt great,

better than he had since he'd turned off I-15 back in Santaquin. Great, until he realized that, being neither a deity nor crazy, he had to be the proverbial fool in the old cliché.

That didn't sit well with Cowboy's picture of himself as a latter day Butch Cassidy. He tried hard to come up with another cliché about fools, one that would work out to say something positive about being one. But all he could come up with was, "There's no fool like an old fool", and "A fool never learns", neither of which was any better. Of course there was, "Holy fool", but he'd never understood what that meant. He equated holiness with wisdom, or at least authority, and a fool was simply a fool.

"You been trying to fool me," a grating voice cut through his thoughts. Damn, motherfucking mindreader, she'd done it again! "What the hell are you talking about?" he demanded, his own voice defensively shrill. Grumpy like a baby from her nap, Mary was upright once again and glaring combatively at him. This hundred plus pounds of angry schizo within arms' reach was a sight Cowboy could have done without. Two sheriffs in one night had been enough. He didn't need this new adrenaline rush. His heart rate quickened. The daughter of Chaos had awakened and wanted to have an argument with him it seemed. "You didn't wake me up when we passed Lake Sevier, asshole!" she growled fercally. The sound made the hair on his arms stand up. Say something quick, Jared, he commanded himself.

"Lake Sevier! Why, how're we're 'bout an hour and a half from there! We still got an hour to Delta, fer Chrissakes! When we get there, I'm gonna buy you a tall stack of blueberry pancakes and a double side of bacon and sausage. OK?" Even with truth and reality on his side, his instincts told him it was better to distract her with food than attempt to rationalize with her.

His ploy worked. "Pancakes? In Delta?" Mary's snarl turned to a broad snaggle-toothed smile (the girl in the photo had had such a pretty smile) so quickly

Alternative Route

continued...

looked disconcertingly like a jump cut in some artsy-fartsy rock video. "Boy, Cowboy, I can't remember the last time I had pancakes!"

He sighed with relief, something that was getting to be a habit. The sad part, he realized, was that she was telling the God's honest truth. He'd seen people like her in the check-out line at the supermarket with cans of soda, cheese puffs, donuts, candy and cookies, having trouble figuring out whether to hand the clerk a five or a ten for a twenty dollar total. They always got upset when the clerk tried to explain that neither would do. They always were in front of him when he was in the express line trying to buy a lousy pack of beer and cigarettes, and they always had more items than the legal express line limit. Maybe Photo Mary's mother made her pancakes and sausage for breakfast, but Crazy Mary had cheese puffs washed down with flat soda. Cowboy prided himself on being a hardass dude in a cold, cruel world (and nobody's fool, either), but the chill wind from planet Mary made him wish life was more like a Brady Bunch episode than the rough adventure he imagined himself in command of.

"Me gotta pee pee hee hee! Me gotta pee pee hee hee!" An arctic blast of singsong words derailed Cowboy's train of thought like a twister lifting a locomotive from its tracks. Now what? Oh, she had to pee. They were miles away from Delta and any actual facilities but there was a shitload, so to speak, of desert handy, if no trees for privacy.

"Should I stop or can you hold it til Delta?" he asked hesitantly, not sure of her reaction to her limited choices. What if she expected a nice cozy bathroom, out here, right now? What if one of the persistent illusions of her illness was magically appearing restrooms? What if she freaked

out when she realized she was pissing on a tumble weed? Oh, the goddamn unpredictability of it all! Speculation morphed into worry, then into panic. Now Cowboy was the one freaking out.

"Can't wait til Delta. Stop here."

Well, OK, that was spoken as if she had a firm grasp on the reality of a full bladder. He calmed down. "Can do," he replied and pulled Diablo over to the shoulder of the highway. He cut the engine, flicked off the headlights, and the full wild darkness of the desert night descended upon them like a starved raven. The illusion of boundary, safety, and containment that Diablo imparted with its steel frame, engine's roar, and dashlight glow, was lost once the vast dark silence overwhelmed the TransAm's inanimate shell. Even a bad hombre like Cowboy had to admit it was awesome. He was glad he didn't need to pee at the edge of such an abyss.

He fished around on top of the dash until he found a couple of napkins left over from some fast food banquet and held them out to Mary, who was gazing out her window into the seemingly infinite darkness. "Here. Use these. Just go over there. I swear I won't peek." Ever so slowly she turned to him, eyes wide and frightened. Her expression clearly said that she thought he was nuts. "Are you crazy? I'm not going out there alone. It's too scary. You got come with me."

"No way!"

"Cowboy, you've got to. There's too much nothing out there. I'm scared!" She certainly looked afraid. Her pale eyes were wide with fear and she was breathing fast and shallow. Too bad! The last thing he wanted to do was to stand guard over her as she pissed on that disconcerting boundless landscape. "No," he reiterated. Panic glinted in her eyes. "I won't go without

you," she said, voice quavering.

"It's your bladder, Mary baby."

"It's your car, Cowboy." Dammit! She meant business, he was sure. Already, her face had the unfocused yet concentrated expression that was prelude to relaxing bladder control. She had won again. He kicked open his door. Better five unprotected minutes in a spooky wasteland than years of smelling piss in his precious Diablo. Hopping awkwardly from one foot to the other, like a roly-poly child trying not to wet her pants, Mary waited for him to come round the car to her side. "I'm goin' over there." She pointed at a clump of mesquite bushes huddled together at the edge of a gully, as if they, too, were spooked by the night. "You stand in front," she commanded him.

Obediently, Cowboy took up his post about twenty feet in front of the mesquite, his back to the bushes. He could hear Mary's shuffling, thigh-rubbing gait as she stumbled clumsily in the dark behind him. He remembered that there was a flashlight in the trunk, nestled up against the duffel bag containing the drugs, but he decided not to get it since opening the trunk might be opening a can of worms if Mary got a peek inside. Then he heard a thump and an exclamation, "Shit!" He turned to dimly see his rotund companion picking herself laboriously up off the ground in front of the bushes. But she called, "I'm OK!" and waved gaily, then hitched her thumbs under the elastic of her pant's waist, and tugged down on it.

"Jesus, Mary! Go behind the bush! Behind the bush!" he remonstrated with her. He felt a bit prissy, but a man could only stand so much funkiness from a member of the opposite sex, and he'd reached his limit miles back. There must have been some residual modesty surviving in her, untouched by the plague of madness which had taken so much of her away already, for Cowboy could hear the embarrassment in her voice when she apologized, "Oh, sorry!" as she scrambled behind the bush. For

a moment, he had the illusion that if he could have seen her in spite of the dark, he would have beheld the girl in the photo instead of the woman he'd picked up in Santaquin.

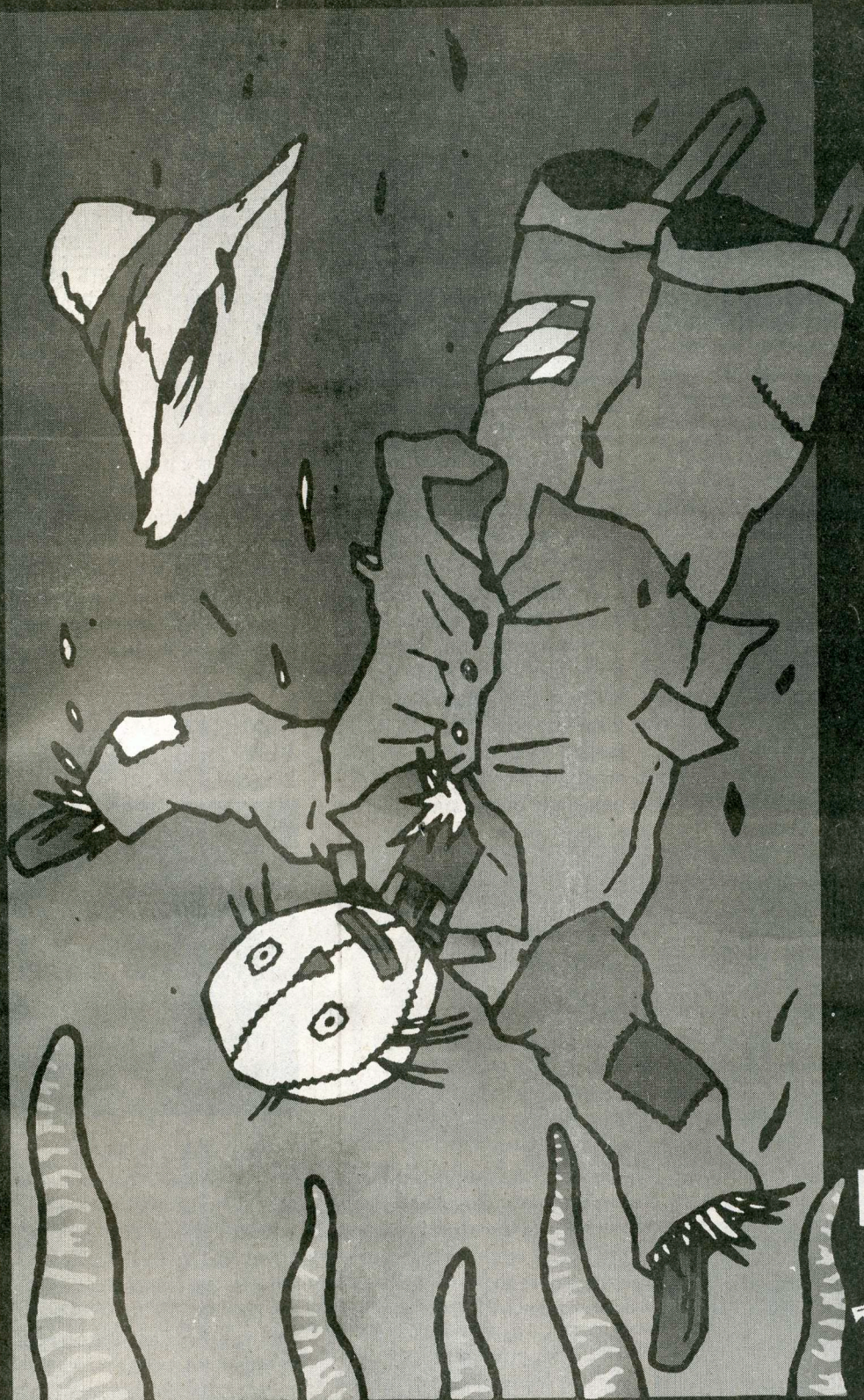
"Can you see me now?" she called to him from the edge of the gully. "Nope," he answered and turned his back to her. The sounds of shuffling feet, breaking branches, and ripping cloth came clearly to Cowboy's ears. It was only a matter of time, he knew, before he would hear the stream and splash of her urine. Attempting to ward off the inevitable and imminent gross-out, he began softly humming a tune so as to drown out any forthcoming noise, and he concentrated on the umbreous landscape before him.

The charcoal desert rose up into coal black mountains, which in turn melded seamlessly with the night sky. It looked like the world was capped and circumscribed by a fathomless inverted black bowl, the cold glimmer of the stars not aiding in any sounding of its depths. Goosepimples ran down Cowboy's arms as he wondered how anything so frighteningly limitless could be so oppressive at the same time. He felt so small, so infinitesimal. It was then he realized that the tune he was humming was an old hymn from childhood, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam".

The fuck he does! Not any more, thought Cowboy just as a great crashing and rolling of rock and gravel came from Mary's direction. Oh my God, she's fallen into the arroyo, was his next thought. "Mary!" he called. No answer. "Mary! Mary!" Again no answer. Without wasting a valuable second, he sprinted to Diablo, flung open the trunk, grabbed the flashlight, and ran to the edge of the gully. Behind him, the trunk light made a minuscule oasis of luminosity in the darkness of the night. Cool air from the deeper darkness of the arroyo in front of him caressed his face like the soft touch from the hand of the spirit of a young girl.

—JD Zeigler

Part Three Next Month



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VINNIE MOORE
The Maze
Shrapnel



I've been listening to guitarist, Vinnie Moore's music since his first album, *MIND'S EYE*, released by Shrapnel Records in '87. I've never gotten anything from Shrapnel Records before so I was happy to see that my name must have made it onto their mailing list somehow. I remember trying to get a job in publicity with Shrapnel once I graduated from college, but my resume yielded no response. I tried calling Shrapnel the other day to get some info on another guitarist on the label - they still won't return my calls (Some things never change.). Anyway, I first became interested in Vinnie's music when I was living in Delaware. Vinnie is from Newcastle, DE (still lives there last I heard), so as a guitarist myself, it would have been impossible not to have heard of him. While in the "first state" I was able to catch a couple of truly amazing live performances by Mr. Moore. *THE MAZE*, Vinnie's latest release finds him veering away from the bluesy style of play fea-

tured on much of his last two albums. *THE MAZE* has more of the neoclassical feel that Vinnie and other guitarists such as Yngwie Malmsteen, Tony MacAlpine, David Chastain, etc. popularized back in the '80s. The hard rock/metal guitar playing similar to what Vinnie was doing in the late '80s also resurfaced on his latest effort. While the album's eight minute title track has the same raw metal appeal as past output such as "Saved By A Miracle" (*MIND'S EYE*), Vinnie still incorporates a wide array of styles and sounds, solidifying his status as a true guitar visionary. New ground is broken for the guitarist with the "Al Dimiola/John McLaughlin" sounding - Spanish flair of track four, "Never Been To Barcelona". As he did on the *MIND'S EYE* release, Tony MacAlpine plays keyboards on *THE MAZE*.

FREDRIK THRODENDAL'S SPECIAL DEFECTS
Sol Niger Within Version 3.33
Relapse



Fredrik Thordendal - You know this guy, or at least you know his band. When you hear his guitar playing and

song writing you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. Fredrik is a founding member and guitarist for the Swedish, cyber-thrash, super group Meshuggah. Don't worry, Fredrik is still a member of Meshuggah, and good thing too as he writes a good deal of the band's music. You'll be able to tell how much a part of Meshuggah he is when you listen to his solo project *SOL NIGER WITHIN VERSION 3.33*. This release contains the same techno-manipulated, heavy sound as Meshuggah, but Frederik has used this project to experiment even further into the unknown than he has ever done before. This guitar playing "wonder" even unleashes his earliest musical philosophy by experimenting on this release with "everything that would make noise". Much of this album has a free-form jazz/fusion feel to it. Fredrik helps to prove on this album that heavy music can break any boundaries. Plenty of great guitar soloing by Fredrik too!

NEVERMORE
Dreaming Neon Black
Century Media

The kings of the Seattle power/progressive metal scene, Nevermore released their third full-length, *DREAMING NEON BLACK*. The original line-up remains intact with Warrel Dane (vocals), Jeff Loomis (guitar), Jim Sheppard (bass) and Van Williams (drums). Warrel and Jim began working together even before the formation of Nevermore with their previous band Sanctuary (Check out '87's *REFUGE DENIED* and '90's *INTO THE MIRROR BLACK*). Only the fifth member/2nd guitarist position which was added after the band's first album has changed over the years. Since the release of Nevermore's second full-length, *THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY*, Pat Obrien has left the band to join Cannibal Corpse, with Tim Calvert (ex-

Forbidden) coming in to take his place. *DREAMING NEON BLACK* finds each member of Nevermore jumping into their technical-heavy playground, playing the game that they have perfected. The maturity level of this band emanates from every part of this release. I didn't find this album to be quite as heavy as *THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY*. While *POLITICS...* was filled more with the heavy approach that was adopted after their *IN MEMORY* ep, the band seems to have reverted back to the somber and moody delivery similar to some of the material that was on the *IN MEMORY* ep. To say *DREAMING NEON BLACK* is a mixture of everything Nevermore has done past and present would probably be the best summation.

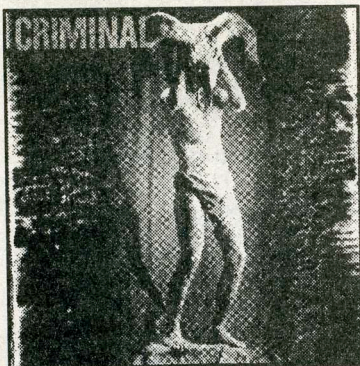
NAPALM DEATH
Words From The Exit Wound
Earache



Well, it ain't SCUM. Napalm Death have seen it all over the past twelve years since the release of their first album *SCUM* in 1987. It appears the rest of the band has patched up the wounds and resolved their differences in musical direction with vocalist Barney Greenway. Greenway quit Napalm before their last album, but then rejoined the band to record *INSIDE THE TORN APART*. Since the band's 1993 release of *FEAR EMPTINESS DESPAIR*, in my opinion, Napalm has evolved from being the raw, "godfathers of grind" that they are to being a band that plays

music that is even more substantial, relevant and experimental. WORDS FROM THE EXIT WOUND contains the same incremental change in terms of musical evolution that the band has consistently displayed since the early '90s. The heavy groove that was cultivated somewhere around the GREED KILLING ep (1995) sessions plays a vital role in the song writing that went into the material for WORDS... The layering of musical instruments also adds to the thick musical qualities of the current Napalm sound. As I said with their last album, this is the most "musical" album for the band to date. During a few rare occasions you'll even find Barney actually "singing" on WORDS FROM THE EXIT WOUND, although his signature growl is still used as well. WORDS.. even includes 3 bonus live tracks exclusive to the U.S. release (You should feel so lucky!). Cheers,

CRIMINAL Dead Soul Metal Blade



The band Criminal was formed in Santiago, Chile in 1991. Is this band so good and unique that they will escape the obvious comparison that goes along with being a metal band from South America? Well...no, because they do remind me of Sepultura a little. Criminal has the same aggressive sound that Sepultura had back in the BENEATH THE REMAINS / ARISE days. Is this band good enough and

have something to offer to rise above the comparison - hell, yes. From the drumming to the guitar playing, Criminal displays a firm grasp on their thrash/death style of metal.

CARNAL FORGE Who's Gonna Burn War/Relapse

Expect to see a lot of great European death metal coming from the partnership of War Music and Relapse Records. The latest to come from this most unholy union is Sweden's Carnal Forge with their debut full-length, WHO'S GONNA BURN. This band is everything that you've come to expect from the Swedish death metal scene. WHO'S GONNA BURN is a blasting assault that



you can only hope to survive. The drumming is a never-ending pummeling, the guitarists launch a heavy and precise attack and the vocalist belts it out like a rabid dog with a bamboo under the fingernails / thumbs-in-a-vice sense of urgency. If you don't know about this band, find out - before it finds you out.

—Forgach

blood on the internet...

SLUG is on the web

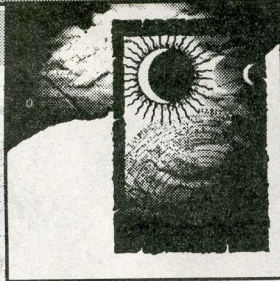
www.slugmag.com

Subterranean Sect



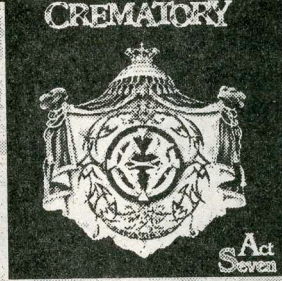
Amorphis Tuonela

An unforgettable ten-song musical tapestry woven from a diverse variety of influences. Entrancing melodies, impassioned vocals, and inventive instrumentation blend magnificently in this crowning achievement of progressive splendor!



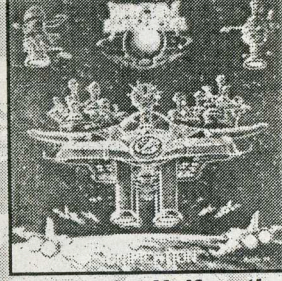
Morgion "solinari"

Solinari possesses an immensely crushing guitar sound and enough somber elegance to enthrone Morgion as the sovereign rulers of epic metal.



Crematory-Act 7

Germany's favorite Goth/Metal returns! Showcasing their trademark melody, musicianship, and experimentation. Crematory offers their best to date. Appealing to fans of My Dying Bride, Atrocity and Tiamat!



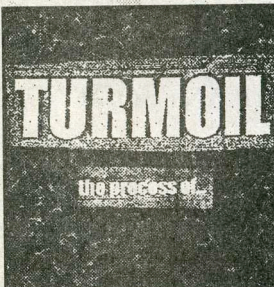
Iron Savior-Unifaction

The side project of Kai Hansen (Gamma Ray) & Piet Sielck (producer, Blind guardian) ruses with shredding guitar work to create one of the finest power metal albums of 1999



Dismal Euphony -All Little Devils

This legendary Norwegian act's long awaited 1st release for Nuclear Blast, will appeal to all fans of metal from black to traditional. With their sense of melody, drama and highly orchestrated instrumentation.



Turmoil-The Process Of...

Turmoil return with more of their chaotic, metal riffing and angry growls. The Process Of..., produced by Steve Evetts (Snapcase/Deadguy), finds the band poised to enter the ranks of metalcore's heaviest hitters like Hatebreed, Snapcase and Earth Crisis.

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Unsatisfiable - Dead Goat
The Given - Liquid Joe's
Daughters of the Nile - Spankys
Calobo - Zephyr

Monday, April 5

The James Solberg Band - Dead Goat
Sister Shake - Zephyr

Tuesday, April 6

The Living Daylights - Dead Goat
MXPX, Shadesapart - Tower
The Camaros - Zephyr

Wednesday, April 7

Vicious Delicious - ABG's
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band - Dead Goat
Sun Masons - Liquid Joe's
Charlie Hunter - Zephyr

Thursday, April 8

Romber Room - ABG's
Gearl Jam - Dead Goat
Elbo Finn - Liquid Joe's
Rockin Billy - Zephyr

Friday, April 9

Swamp Donkeys - ABG's
Up Yer Sleeve - Dead Goat
Fat Paw - Liquid Joe's
Stabbing Westward, Placebo - Tower
Sebadoh, Lowercase - Bricks
Unwritten Law, Spring-Healed-Jack, Grinspoon, Hospital Food

Real Ride Skatepark
(1410 South 400 West)
Chris Whitley - Zephyr

Saturday, April 10

The Blackers and 2 & 1/2 White Guys - ABG's

Donner Party - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Fat Paw - Liquid Joe's
The Given - Zephyr

Sunday, April 11

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Slackers/Insatiable - Zephyr

Monday, April 12

The Johnnie Marshall Band - Dead Goat
Melissa Warner - Zephyr

Tuesday, April 13

Daughters of the Nile - Area 51
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Elliot Smith, Jr. High - DV8
Hillbilly Hellcats - Zephyr

Wednesday, April 14

Twelve - Dead Goat
Bluegrass Banjos of Death - ABG's
Freshly Baked - Zephyr

Thursday, April 15

Sheryl Crow, Semisonic - E Center
Loveseat Daredevils - Dead Goat
Choice of Reign - Liquid Joe's
Watsonville Patio/Floodplain Guy - Zephyr

Friday, April 16

Captured by Robots - ABG's
Daughters of the Nile - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Mike Reilly and the Brotherhood of Bernal Blues - Dead Goat
Honest Engine - Liquid Joe's

Disco Drippers - Zephyr
6 Going on 7 - Morrocan

Saturday, April 17

Oxygen - ABG's
Smilin' Jack - Dead Goat
Built to Spill, Dilusions - DV8
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Digital Underground, Chola - Zephyr

Sunday, April 18

Dropkick Murphy's, Oxymoron - Bricks
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Toilet Smurfs - Zephyr

Monday, April 19

Slackjaw Blues Band - Dead Goat
Velvet Alex - Zephyr

Tuesday, April 20

Monkey - ABG's
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Man or Astorman?, Rock*a*Teens - DV8
Chola - Zephyr

Wednesday, April 21

Brethren Fast - ABG's
Sister Shake - Dead Goat
My Man Friday - Liquid Joe's
Sea of Jones - Zephyr

Thursday, April 22

Gearl Jam - Dead Goat
Chola - Liquid Joe's
Sir Mix Alot - Zephyr

Friday, April 23

Square Pegs - ABG's

Saturday, April 24

Blue Hounds - ABG's
Monkey Wrench - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
The Given - Liquid Joe's
Calobo - Zephyr

Sunday, April 25

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Dolly Mops - Zephyr

Monday, April 26

Mike Welch - Dead Goat

Tuesday, April 27

Goat Jam - Dead Goat
GiGi Love - Zephyr

Wednesday, April 28

Sister Shake - ABG's
Daughters of the Nile - Dead Goat
Ryan Shupe & The Rubberband - Zephyr

Thursday, April 29

Inside Green - Dead Goat
Highwater Pants - Liquid Joe's

Friday, April 30

Scrotum Poles w/Worm Drive - ABG's
Mambo Jumbo - Dead Goat
Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
Chola - Zephyr

Saturday, May 1

Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
Fear Factory, System - Tower
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow

**check it out fuckers you can
FAX in your calendar...**

801.538.0621

or email it to

MLHARRELSON@NETZERO.NET

that's not too hard is it? is it?

THE DAILY CALENDAR IS A FREE SERVICE TO CLUBS AND VENUES. YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR INFO TO US BY THE END OF THE MONTH. UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR SHOW, in which case you are a fucking idiot and should probably get a job as Leif's Piss Boy where you won't hurt yourself by having to do so much thinking.

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THAN THE REST 99

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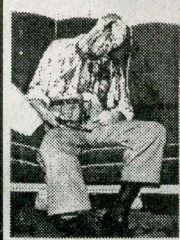
DECADENCE •
IBEX Throne •
CLIMB Wicked
Innocence •
TRISOMY 21
Immortal
Dominion •
UN SOUND MIND
Truth • SKINNED
Dopehead

9pm-1am

CLIMB • Wicked
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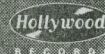
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